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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is quite difficult to understand how this Government has got itself into such a horrible muddle as the Prime Minister's statement showed on Monday. No doubt the Cabinet contains a number of very clever men, but there was always Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as regulator. Yet his weight has not been enough to keep more than a single first-class Bill from flying off into the clouds—the Prime Minister stands with the broken string in his hand, and gazing blandly at the kites soaring away. He is quite pleased—he is going to catch them again for next session. The Irish Bill broke away at once; Passive Resisters' Relief; Temperance; Miners' Eight Hours; all are in the air. The Prime Minister may not find it so easy to catch them again. They may not be homers. Legislative aspirations often prove curses but they have not their home-coming disposition.

Meantime the Passive Resisters, poor patient animals, hardly follow the flight of their promised relief with the Prime Minister's satisfaction. They are promised a finer bird next season, no doubt: but it is not even in the bush yet, and Mr. McKenna's Bill they thought was in their hands. Another session given to an Education Bill, which will not become law; then a general election, and the Liberals out. Passive Resisters have before them a long vista of usefulness—they need not fear for their vocation. And the Irish Nationalists need not fear for theirs. A University Bill—not according to Mr. Bryce—is to be their dole. Fine chance such a Bill, perhaps the most difficult of all schemes, with even the best intention, to get passed, will have in company with a "comprehensive" English Education Bill and a great Licensing Bill and a grand attack on the House of Lords. For the resolution promised for this session is nothing; it will take time

and nothing more. And how it is to help the Ministry out of their mess the Prime Minister does not say. Mr. Haldane must be proud indeed: he is the best kiteflyer; he alone has been able to get his kite up and hold it when he got it up.

By a wholesale application of the guillotine he is pushing his Army Bill through the House of Commons gleefully. But beyond the automatic majority, who in the main are ignorant of or indifferent to the scope of the measure, it appears to have few friends. Mr. Wyndham put the case in a nutshell. There are only two possible courses to pursue with regard to the military forces of this country. We must either have universal compulsory service or we must foster the militia, the yeomanry and the volunteers. The application of a uniform system, without compulsion, must fail, because it is only by a variety of terms of service to suit differently placed individuals that the voluntary system can produce any satisfactory results, although even in that case it fails to provide for our needs.

The question of the Militia Ballot Act was discussed on Tuesday at considerable length. Mr. Haldane, asked to extend its provisions to the territorial army, adopts the standpoint that the Act is still a living one, and that he did not propose to abolish it, although if the Bill passes the Act will become obsolete. This would be a real loss. The Act is antiquated, and to some extent ineffective. But the latent power is there; and the Act embodies in legal form the historic duty of the able-bodied man to take up arms in defence of his country in case of need. From what Mr. Haldane said, it is to be feared that some excellent volunteer corps, such as Post Office, Civil Service, and Woolwich Volunteers will disappear, because no man will be enlisted into the territorial army who cannot bind himself to serve for six months when the force is embodied.

There was practically no discussion of the Indian Budget. A sort of preliminary burial service was pronounced on the opium revenue, though the obsequies seem likely to extend over ten years. Mr. Morley declared that the Government would not be deterred

by the disturbances in India from proceeding with the new scheme for widening the basis of government, but refused with equal firmness to disclose the nature of the scheme till a date yet to be fixed. Happily there is to be no Royal Commission to ascertain the causes of unrest. Instead there is to be an inquiry as to the best method of decentralising government in India—a measure which will meet with general approval. The creation of a Council of Notables as an advisory body and an enlargement of the various legislative councils in India are outlined as the constructive measures of the near future. An Indian member—or perhaps two—are to be added to the Council of the Secretary of State. Mr. Morley's attitude towards disorder has cost him the confidence of his more emotional friends.

Of the many anti-imperial, anti-patriotic actions of the Government the worst and least defensible is the decision to withdraw from the Convention penalising bounty-fed sugar. It is a blow aimed at the West Indian colonies which may have far-reaching effects, and economically, even in the sacred name of Free Trade, it is unsound. It will place the market at the mercy of the recipient of bounties; it means the cheapening of sugar only so long as the cane-grower is able to keep his head above water, and experience has proved, and will prove again, that the bounty-fed article does not mean the reduction of prices which partisan clamour suggests. Sir Edward Grey talks plausibly on the question of the limitation of the sources of supply, but the argument is on all fours with that which defends the dumping of surplus foreign goods on the English market in competition with native products. It is, however, in its Imperial aspect that the matter is so serious; all the misery and bad feeling in the colonies, bred of foreign bounties in the past, will be aggravated by the ruin of enterprises started under the anti-bounty convention. Colonial interests are a negligible quantity under the present Government.

A point arising out of the tariff concessions by the United States to Germany ought to be noted. In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Runciman stated that Great Britain did not get the benefit, under the most-favoured-nation clause, of the terms of the German and American treaty for articles named in Section III. of the Dingley Act. Six months ago an Anglo-American agreement was discussed for remedying this, but nothing has been done. The explanation given by the State Department is that under the express terms of the Dingley Law the President must be satisfied that Great Britain has something to offer to the United States constituting true reciprocity. As the United States, like other countries, enjoys the practical free entry of all products into Great Britain, the latter has no inducements to offer. As Germany had, she secures the entry of her goods into the States at lower duties than those of Great Britain; and her advantage will apparently be permanent.

The Colonial Conference Blue-book as a whole, what it points to or teaches, needs the careful study of at least a week. Certainly this generation does not recall a State paper of such import as this, and it would argue surely a cynical carelessness about the subjects it treats to "rattle off" a two-hour leader on the whole; but stay—perhaps it might not argue carelessness of empire so much as carefulness to make one's morning or one's evening paper pay by being "up-to-date". The conversations, however, which the report gives in full, and the pleasant personalities are a different matter. Some of these are easy enough to master, and they are light and agreeable too. We are bound to say that the Englishmen as distinguished from the greater-Englishmen come on the whole well out of the ordeal by talk. Mr. Asquith was not exactly out-fenced by Dr. Jameson when it came to talk about the "fetish of Free Trade" and the "fetish of Protection". One's impression is that Dr. Jameson was brave, not brilliant, in the play and flash of rapier.

The "Westminster Gazette" thinks that Mr. Churchill got off a "happy retort" at the cost of Mr. Deakin thus:—"Mr. Deakin: 'Most of your

propositions seem incontestable to you, but our experience refutes many of them.' Mr. Churchill: 'In that respect, Mr. Deakin, I enjoy the same advantages of conviction as yourself.'" Happy possibly, but surely clever schoolboy. Moreover Mr. Churchill is not heavy or old enough to talk solemnly, or be taken solemnly, on "Convictions". When a very clever and active young politician is pushing his way to the fore, we all know what "Convictions" mean. But conviction—usually with a small c—comes later on in life, when a safe position has been made. It is impossible not to be impressed by the ability of Mr. Deakin. This report is full of touches that illustrate his wisdom. He is keen always without being blatant. We cannot say that there is no suggestion of blatancy about some of the words of other greater-Englishmen. It occurs to us that Mr. Asquith plays the part of sure in this drama and Mr. Churchill that of cocksure.

As for the "triangular duel" between Sir Robert Bond, Mr. Churchill, and the "Daily Mail", all three combatants seem to have been slightly hit—owing to the fact that all three have been firing more or less into one another, a thing they did not do in "Midshipman Easy". Sir Robert is ruffled by the "city press", as he calls the "Mail", and the "Mail" is slightly ruffled perhaps by Sir Robert; Sir Robert has now himself stated clearly that he did not have a row with the Government, and the Blue-book bears this out. Of course there was the private discussion which is not reported, but it would be an outrage to disclose or hint of anything that took place there. The line must be drawn. On the other hand, though the Blue-book backs up Mr. Churchill as against the "Mail", Sir Robert Bond lets it be very clearly known that the official précis was not fair to the Newfoundland case because it was so abbreviated.

It is then exactly as we said the other day: the "Mail" coloured Sir Robert Bond somewhat too highly, whereas the Government précis—which the Government Blue-book has now set right—presented him too plain. Sir Robert really has grievances. We think he has, as the Premier of the oldest colony, been rather roughly treated, though neither side had the least thought of wounding his feelings. For the rest, the whole incident and its ending once more emphasise the folly of political leaders squabbling with papers on the other side in politics. We are quite sure this is the view of one or two of the wiser heads in the Government. The paper always comes up like a cork the day after the Minister has called it dishonest or a liar, and the angry Minister has done nothing save expose his impotence. It is a variant of the now almost ridiculous practice of bringing offenders to the bar of the House and reading them a solemn lecture at which the public is only tickled.

The old joke about Mr. Balfour never reading the papers was exploded by Mr. Balfour himself on Tuesday. He gave his views on the reporting of speeches before the Select Committee, and really showed quite an intimate and exact knowledge of Parliamentary journalism. It is quite likely that Mr. Balfour even knows why there are lobbyists at S. Stephen's and what they do there. All M.P.s are not so well informed as that, and we remember a Conservative member, who had sat for many years in the House and regularly attended the debates, asking a friend "Who are those gentlemen that are always standing about in the Lobby and who seem to be friends with so many members on both sides?" When he was told they were "lobbyists" he was as greatly in the dark as ever, and inquired further—"But what are lobbyists?" Mr. Balfour at any rate knows about the sketch writers, and does not much care for them. He thinks the arguments rather than the "oddities" of M.P.s ought to be reported; and further believes that a Liberal sketch writer treats the Liberals kindly and the Tories ill, that the Tory sketch writer does the reverse. We think he may be right; but then the sketches will not do much harm—being mutually destructive.

Lord Milner has not a turn for epigram ; but he struck out a terribly telling phrase in his speech at York when he spoke of South Africa as a lightning-conductor for the destructive activity of a certain type of Radical politician. If they could destroy South Africa, the Government were willing to spare India and Egypt. The burden of South Africa is heavy indeed. It seems almost incredible that in the Transvaal they should already have their problem of want and unemployment as we have here. The British are beginning to leave the colony : the Dutch are supreme. The revenue is falling. Whatever be the explanation, the hard fact remains that Liberals have never allowed the experiment of Chinese labour a fair chance. It is idle to pretend that there was time enough under the Unionist Government to give the Chinese labour policy a fair trial. There was no security even then. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his friends were suggesting from the first that every Chinaman would be packed away as soon as they got into power. And now these "slaves" decline to be freed and returned, carriage paid, to China.

Mr. Churchill's categorical denial that there was any Chinese bargaining over the Transvaal loan guarantee will leave most people of "the same opinion still". There may have been no specific undertaking, and the Radical cheers with which the Under-Secretary's assurance was received may be taken as an implied recognition of the impropriety of any such bargain. Bargain or no bargain, Mr. Churchill's statements can leave no doubt that the Imperial Government put their views as to Chinese labour pretty forcibly before General Botha. In this matter at least they raise no objections to reciprocity. The avowed desire of Ministers to make the Transvaal Government independent of powerful local interests was surely a sufficient hint in itself. No note was taken of the discussions and negotiations—an infelicitous way of doing business.

In the debate in the House of Lords on Tuesday it was shown beyond doubt that there is lawlessness in certain parts of Ireland. The Government admit this, and it is possible that they are not quite sorry to do so, after the rebuff they have just had from Ireland. The Liberals to-day are less enthusiastic over Ireland and Home Rule than they have been for twenty years past. A few months ago, when Liberal M.P.s were told that the Nationalists would by-and-by put them in a hole, they declared "The Irish are not such fools". There was a widespread notion among Liberals that a reasonable compromise with the Home Rulers was quite likely and workable. Without a doubt this is what Mr. Redmond would have worked out, had he been allowed a free hand. His attitude encouraged the belief ; and the Liberals would be angelic indeed if to-day they loved Ireland much.

In France there is reason to believe that the shipping strike is now practically over and that the fact will soon be formally recognised. The meeting in Paris of the delegates of the trade unions with the Minister of Marine resulted in an agreement on the terms to be introduced into the Government Bill. It was generally anticipated that the Government would have to make concessions. The point now remaining is whether the local unions will accept the terms agreed on by the delegates. The trouble in the South over the wine question is not diminishing. Adulteration, and the drinking of beer, may have something to do with the French wine-growers' distress ; but the graver cause seems the competition of Algerian-grown wines. Legislation may deal with adulteration, but the Algerian competition is a delicate question. English consumers might come to the rescue. Ordinary Bordeaux and Burgundies are much dearer here than they need be. They are cheap on the spot, and the Englishman ought to buy there and do his bottling himself or get it done for him.

Since the publication of the Hohenlöhe memoirs nothing of a personal character has caused more talk

in Germany than the dismissal of the Commandant of Berlin, Count Cuno von Moltke, and the retirement of Prince Philip Eulenberg, who has been for many years a personal friend of the Emperor. The current explanation of these events is that they are the signs of the break-up of a circle that was attempting the removal of Prince Bülow from the Chancellorship. About the time of the dissolution of the Reichstag one of the most familiar topics was the alleged secret influences affecting the policy of the Empire. Prince Bülow himself made a speech in which he spoke of a "Camarilla" as a hateful, foreign, poisonous plant, and said there had never been an attempt to introduce it without great injury to the sovereigns and the nation.

According to the story Prince Bülow brought about the dissolution of the Reichstag as a means of countering this plot, and has succeeded in his object. Many other personal matters come into the narrative. The disclosures appear to have been made public in an article in the "Zukunft" by Herr Harden, who charged Count von Moltke (who by the way is not of the same family as the great Field Marshal, nor of General von Moltke, now Chief of the Staff) with being concerned in the conspiracy to supersede Prince Bülow. The Count challenged Herr Harden to a duel, which was declined. He then sought to move the Public Prosecutor against Herr Harden for his article, but failed. Now it is said that Prince Eulenberg has resigned his connexion with the Foreign Office in order to bring an action for libel against Herr Harden. A curious charge made against him in the "Zukunft" is that "spiritualism, table-turning, and other practices were carried on" at his residence at Liebenberg ; the suggestion being apparently that the black arts were being pressed into the campaign against Prince Bülow. There is no authoritative version of these events, and in the meantime they must be taken as very piquant gossip, to which each newspaper contributes its quota.

The inquiry into the Sheffield rattenning many years ago horrified the world, but it revealed nothing so bad as the American trial of the officers of the Western Federation of Miners for the murder of Governor Steunenberg ; and the Sheffield crimes are insignificant in comparison with those which Orchard, who has turned State's informer, declares were committed by order of the Federation. He confesses to several murders committed by himself and gives evidence of large funds collected and applied for committing murders in several States. The prosecution intend, they say, to prove that several Governors have been murdered and scores of other persons by the orders of the Federation ; and that there has been a conspiracy to control the Governments of the sections wherein members of the union were employed.

The Committee for Privileges has allowed the claim to the Barony of Lucas of Crudwell. This adds to the roll of the House of Lords a peerage unique both in origin and descent. The dignity was granted in 1662 by letters-patent of Charles II. to the daughter and sole heiress of the faithful Cavalier family of Lucas in order to "perpetuate that name, as far as in us lies". The limitation was not only to heirs male and failing these to heirs-general, but to such heirs-general as would, in the absence of male heirs, succeed to an office of honour or a castle for the defence of the realm, meaning, though not saying so expressly, the eldest daughter. In spite of this extraordinary provision, from the date of the grant until the death of the last Earl Cowper without issue two years ago—a period of nearly two centuries and a half—the name of Lucas has appeared as a title (and that belonging to a woman) only for the short space of twenty-six years. Every one of the other six holders, although the title had three times passed to daughters, possessed higher titles in the peerage and so obscured the name which it was desired to advertise as an example for posterity.

It is interesting to note that the claim was allowed on the analogy of descent to "a castle for the necessary

defence of the realm", a feudal tenure which probably ceased to exist early in the fourteenth century. The descent to an office of honour was not gone into, the "castle" illustration being deemed sufficient, but nevertheless a volume of charters granted by Norman kings had been prepared for inspection and interpretation. This case and that of the Earldom of Norfolk last year, in which was interpreted a charter of 1302, show how ancient is the foundation of some of our peerage honours and dignities, and how scrupulously careful the peers are to preserve the ancient law which gave them their privileges. The new Lord Lucas, whose claim is traced through his mother, a sister of Earl Cowper, is the son of Auberon Herbert, the clever Radical with whom individualism was a craze to the day of his death. He was a son of the House of Carnarvon, but certainly no believer in peerage privileges.

Sir Frederick Treves is fast becoming the Shaw of medicine. His paradoxes are so shocking and clever that they ought to startle people out of their illnesses. This would be a more interesting and a more honest plan than that of Abernethy, who coaxed his patients out of their illnesses by giving them bread pills. On Thursday, according to the papers, Sir Frederick, speaking at the opening of an isolation hospital at Preston, called medicine-taking by people who are ill "an extraordinary habit". It rather reminds one of Trelawny who, mortally wounded, declined to be cured, and simply waited till he was quite well. But Sir Frederick Treves was no doubt appealing to an audience that had humour. Only stupid people will take his words too literally. We suppose that even the man of science must forego extreme accuracy of language when he wishes to force a dull public quickly into a new line of thought.

Mr. Strachan Davidson's election to the seat of Jowett will give satisfaction to most Balliol men past and present. Mr. Davidson is historian rather than philosopher. As an historian his views are Whiggish and in Roman history his sympathies lie, as Addison's did, with the Plutocratic oligarchy of the last days of the Republic and Cicero. The triumph of imperialism he regards as at the best a necessary tragedy. Caesar judged that the "higher was impossible" and his hand "crushed out the possibilities of a nobler future". Dr. Davidson is known to whole generations of Balliol men as the most popular and least conventional of dons, and he has travelled a good deal.

Quite a crowd is to receive the honour of an Oxford D.C.L. this year—and a motley crowd. Soldiers, sailors, statesmen (at any rate politicians), civil servants, political pensioners, judges, artists, and Mr. Booth of the Salvation Army. Why not Mr. Evan Roberts? Is it thought that his boom has died down? Without discussing the merits of the Salvation Army—grant that Mr. Booth is all that his most enthusiastic admirers claim for him—is the degree of D.C.L. a proper reward for his work? Has D.C.L. no peculiar significance at all? Is it merely an order, a star? Make Mr. Booth a C.B. or a peer if they will; but surely Oxford's highest degree should have some reference to intellectual qualifications. Cheapen the D.C.L. much more and it will become a derision instead of a distinction.

Tammany has won the Derby, though he was not the favourite. There was not a scene of great joy when Orby passed the post. Did this signify bitter disappointment because England had lost her Blue Ribbon? No, we should say, rather, it signified her disappointment that she had lost her money. The plain truth is people go to Epsom to have a jolly good day or to make a bet—they do not go there for patriotism. The worst of Derby Day is the horrible cram of traffic which it causes on the way to one or two of the stations. Waterloo Bridge Road, usually pandemonium nowadays, on racing days is pandemonium worse confounded. Can nothing be done to lessen the constant crush between the bridge and the Strand? It is to-day one of the worst bits in London.

THE STRONGEST GOVERNMENT OF MODERN TIMES.

WERE there any room for pity in politics, the position of the Prime Minister would be pathetic—so much brag and bluster at the beginning of the session, and such a woeful confession of helplessness on Monday. It will not do, of course, to make too much out of the comparison between promise and performance, because practical politicians know that the King's Speech must be interpreted with the latitude and indulgence allowed to an auctioneer's advertisement. Every Government encourages its supporters at the opening of each session by a long list of measures, which they hope yet do not expect to carry into law. But it is always understood that three or four Bills stand out from the catalogue as those in which the Government is seriously interested. They are known as first-class measures, and the failure or withdrawal of any of them is always held to damage the reputation of the Ministers. The present Government is now nearing the end of its second session, and all its first-class measures have miscarried. Last session was perfectly understood to be an Education session: the present Administration owes its enormous majority chiefly to the religious dissenters' rage against Mr. Balfour's Education Act. Well, the Education Bill of last session, which was to put everything straight, had to be dropped. At the beginning of this session there were obviously four first-class questions which the Government pledged itself to settle—namely, the House of Lords, Licensing Reform, the Army, and Irish Local Government. After Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's statement on Monday, it is plain that only Mr. Haldane's Army Bill will become law. The Licensing question is put off to next session; the Irish Councils Bill, "the stepping-stone to Home Rule", having been scornfully rejected by the Irish Nationalists, is thrown into the waste-paper basket to keep the Education Bill company. The resolution about the House of Lords, which was the first domestic topic mentioned in the Speech from the Throne, has still to see the light. The Prime Minister promises it to us next week, or the week after. It does not much matter now when it is produced; for resolutions break no bones, and beyond the stage of words the question of the House of Lords cannot get this year. For a Government with a majority of three hundred and fifty, one first-rate measure and a resolution are certainly a poor showing. We see that some of the Ministerial organs count the Finance Bill with pride amongst the achievements of the Government. But the Finance Bill is merely the Budget; a good or a bad Budget as you please, but part of the necessary routine of all Governments. A Government which cannot carry its Budget is on the verge of dissolution; and the party hacks in the press must be hard put to it when they claim the Finance Bill as one of the solid results of the session. We have no doubt that the Court of Criminal Appeal Bill will become law, as it has already run the gauntlet of the lawyers in the House of Lords, and the lawyers in the House of Commons differ about it as was to be expected. It will be passed by the votes of laymen who know very little about the pros and cons. We also think that the Scotch and English Land Bills will be carried, as without the Valuation Bills they will be harmless. But the Valuation Bills will be stubbornly fought in both Houses, for they spell robbery, and we do not believe that either of them can be forced through this summer. The Irish University Bill and the Eight Hours (Miners) Bill have gone by the board.

His Majesty's Ministers are apparently as unteachable as the Bourbons. Unwarned by the failure of the present session, they mortgage with a light heart next session to the redemption of that failure. Next session is to be devoted to another English Education Bill, an Irish University Bill, Licensing Reform, and presumably to a Bill dealing with the House of Lords. It is no use carrying a resolution this session about the House of Lords unless it is intended to found a Bill upon it for next session; and a Bill of that kind, changing the Constitution, must be followed by a general election. We hazard the prediction that next session will be as

barren as this one, if the Prime Minister's programme is adhered to, of which we shall not complain, provided it is wound up by a dissolution. But what an ending for the strongest Government of modern times! Three years' wrangling, and nothing done to speak of; no substantial instalment of the millennium! Knowing the conditions of modern legislation, and how effectually they prevent any party and all Governments from doing very much, we should not exult greatly at the Government's impotence, could we but forget the Pharisaical attitude with which it entered upon office. Mr. Balfour was played out; the Unionist party was an assemblage of effete triflers and brainless dawdlers, who had neither sincerity of aim nor energy of execution. Such was, in much coarser language, the cry of the Radical press and the stock of Radical platform orations. Plain earnest men, who knew not Mayfair or the Stock Exchange, and recked not of autumn coverts, were wanted to cleanse the Augean stable, and to show the people what could be done by a House of Commons that meant business. And behold this marvellous majority of dissenting ministers and Jews, of novelists and nondescripts, of doctors, salaried demagogues, and Irish rebels, effects less, conspicuously less, than those who went before! We really are tempted to ask, whose men are the present Government? Not the men of the Dissenters, for they have carried no Education Bill; not the men of the Irish Nationalists, whom they have insulted by the offer of a Council; not the men of the Labour party, for they will not hold an autumn session to carry an Eight Hours Bill; not the men of the Humanitarian faddists, for the Chinese are still in the Transvaal. As the Prince of Monaco says to the demagogue Rabagas, who had ordered the cavalry to charge the mob, "Vous n'êtes plus l'homme du peuple! Et si vous n'êtes plus le sien, comme vous n'êtes pas le mien, alors, Monsieur Rabagas, qu'est-ce que vous êtes?" We are much inclined to ask Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in that language he knows so well (for a Scotchman): "Vous n'êtes plus l'homme du peuple: qu'est-ce que vous êtes?" The irony of the situation will be increased in the next few months, unless we are misinformed, by an outbreak of lawlessness in Ireland, which Mr. Birrell will be obliged to put down by force, quite in a commonplace Unionist way.

LORD MILNER'S PART.

THERE are at this moment three very conspicuous political "blues" who are not "in the boat" on either side; Lord Curzon, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Milner. Not one of the three is out of the boat because a better man has been found to take his place. They would every one of them be most useful acquisitions. However Lord Rosebery assures the world that he is not going to row again, so we must leave him to his self-chosen part of independent critic and coach. Far different, we are glad to think, is the part awaiting Lord Curzon and Lord Milner. What particular places they may occupy it would be very idle to attempt to predict; but that they will both be back again, the common chances of life apart, it would be almost as idle to doubt. And this makes a speech by either of them important for more than its actual contribution to the political discussions of the moment. Lord Milner's speech at York made it clear that his return to active public life will be as a leader in the tariff reform movement. This may be no news. But a journal has no right to argue from any but a man's publicly enounced opinions. Whatever we may or may not have known about Lord Milner's position in these matters, it is only this speech at York, agreeing with one or two he had made previously, that entitles us to write of Lord Milner as a tariff reform leader. Lord Curzon has not spoken, so in this article we do not discuss his position. Lord Milner's aid means much more to the tariff reform movement than merely the accession of an able public man. From the beginning tariff reform has suffered from a want of leading public men to put its claims before the country. To no small extent it has been a good cause deficient in good men, as free trade, on the contrary, has rather

meant good men without a good cause. It would be silly to deny that names have told much more in favour of free trade than of tariff reform. No doubt it is a phenomenon common enough. The established order has always the boni on its side, and the boni generally include the majority of prominent and even able men. The odd genius and the unknown coming men are on the side of the new thing, which begins with a hard struggle for existence. Mr. Chamberlain did giant's work, and his young men played up to him well. But no one man could do what had to be done, and Mr. Chamberlain was very acutely conscious of it. In many speeches he asked, not complainingly but most seriously, for more help amongst men of his own standing. He did not get the help and he spent himself ungrudgingly. All that time Mr. Balfour was tied by his Sheffield speech, having been given away by the Duke of Devonshire. Since then Mr. Balfour has made it crystal clear, at least to everyone who owns a mind's eye, that he is a convinced tariff reformer, and he has laid down in terms that tariff reform is the first constructive item in the Unionist programme. Tariff reform he has defined as the policy of fighting foreign tariffs by negotiation made possible by the abandonment of the free import system, and a preferential tariff between this country and the other parts of the empire, a preference set up not for protectionist but for political, that is imperial, purposes. But Mr. Balfour is also the leader of a party and its protagonist in the House of Commons. Great as is the importance of tariff reform, it is not everything, and the leader of a party is bound to survey the whole field, and to consider all his forces. There is education, there is the defence of Church establishment, resistance to Home Rule, the watch over the army and navy. He is not a good leader who allows his view to be absorbed from the general position to one particular point. Leadership, whether in office or in opposition, is a different thing from propaganda. But if tariff reform is ever to be a fact, propaganda must go on and with greater insistence and in more volume than it has done yet. And Lord Milner is free to do it, and plainly means to do it. He has neither party leadership nor office nor place of any kind to embarrass him. With the same object in view he can do for tariff reform what Mr. Balfour can not and ought not to do. With these two men fighting, each in his several capacity, for the policy of preference, tariff reformers may calmly face the names paraded against them, not so imposing an array as once they were.

Liberals are keenly alive to the significance of Lord Milner's appearance in the field. They show it by their extreme annoyance at every speech Lord Milner makes. They seem to feel that Lord Milner carries with him a sort of undue weight, which is not quite "cricket". They see that belittling Lord Milner is no good: they may question his motive but they cannot question his ability. Even the most unscrupulous and least generous of his political opponents had to content himself with describing Lord Milner as poor; he dared not say he was stupid. And Liberals have to face the awkward but plain fact that Lord Milner reached his present conviction through no party training and from no party associations. As he confessed in his speech at York, Lord Milner has no zest for party politics; his life has been a bad school for party work; he has always been the servant of his sovereign and the empire, not of any party. And whatever of party association he has had would influence him in favour of the party which is opposed to tariff reform, and against the party which has taken it up, for Lord Milner in no time of his life called himself a Tory. His work in Egypt stands; his work at the Treasury stands; and if his work in South Africa is matter of controversy, as of course it is, everyone except a very insignificant group of Radicals is persuaded that Lord Milner devoted himself singly to what he understood to be the benefit of the empire in general and of South Africa in particular. And the great majority, especially the non-politician, believes not only that Lord Milner meant well, but that he was right. Certainly, the more closely they examine the state of the Transvaal now, and compare the present Government's policy with Lord

Milner's, the more will they be confirmed in their conviction that Lord Milner was right. And the consideration will tell with the public that a man of this calibre who has served his country so honestly for so many years would not take to party politics and throw in his lot with a particular policy unless he had some very strong public reason for it. The man who has served his country in non-party positions, especially abroad, does not like to take up party work. He feels that he cannot do it without something of a drop. From his non-party standpoint he has been able to see much that is petty and even dirty in the party business that those who are in the dust of the game do not see. He also knows how much parties are alike; how much good there is in both, and how very much bad. It is hardly possible for a man of Lord Milner's training to become an enthusiastic party man. It is indeed, not unnaturally, urged against Lord Milner that he ought not to mix himself up with party politics; that he is lowering himself in doing so. But this really adds to the difficulty of the position for the Free Traders. What could move a man of Lord Milner's character and training to do this equivocal thing, from which every natural influence would dissuade him? It is plain that his conviction of the necessity of tariff reform and preference must be over-mastering. No other explanation is tenable but that Lord Milner is so convinced of the need to the empire of carrying this policy that he is willing for its sake to put his neck under the distasteful yoke of party politics. This is the way it will certainly strike the average citizen; and most Liberals would admit as much. They will say—what else can they say?—there is no accounting for the vagaries of good men, and great men; which is true, but not very effective. It is the last resource of the man who has somehow to explain away Lord Milner's support of tariff reform. But the mere voter, not very keen about either party, has not to explain it away. He will let himself accept the natural conclusion that a policy can hardly be very wrong from the imperial point of view which a man of Lord Milner's antecedents goes out of his way to urge. Especially Lord Milner's advocacy should appeal to Unionist Free Traders, of whom there are still some. To them he was an imperial Daniel in South Africa as elsewhere, or more so. They held him a great imperial statesman all through; they cannot question his almost unequalled experience and opportunities to judge of the merits of an imperial policy. Is it reasonable in them to discount all this as nothing when Lord Milner takes up a position which does not exactly fit in with their old economic habit? Men like Lord Robert and Lord Hugh Cecil will surely give the same attention to Lord Milner the tariff reformer that they gave to Lord Milner the South African statesman.

PREROGATIVE AND PAPER.

THE HOME SECRETARY made many complaints of the conduct of the press in his speech on the second reading of the Court of Criminal Appeal Bill. Out of evil, however, good has come, for Mr. Gladstone finds in the delinquencies of the press a new and strong case for a Court of Appeal. His speech indeed reads as if he thought it was the Home Secretary that needs to be protected from the attacks of the press rather than prisoners who need the protection of a Court of Criminal Appeal. We believe Mr. Gladstone is the first Home Secretary who has discovered this best of all arguments for a Criminal Appeal Court, and pitifully pleaded for his partial extinction. Criminal Appeal Bills have been brought forward during the past thirty years, but the inability of the Home Office and the Home Secretary to guide the Crown in exercising its prerogative of mercy has never been so deliberately pleaded before as a reason for the establishment of a Criminal Appeal Court. Mr. Gladstone puts all the blame for this on the newspapers. They arouse a public feeling which interferes with what would otherwise be the fine calculating judgment of the Home Secretary and his office. We should deny this finesse of the Home Office in any case because Mr. Gladstone himself has shown that whether with or without newspapers it is a tribunal—if we may so call it—altogether unfit to review criminal trials. But that

it may be influenced against all reason and common sense by newspaper agitation Mr. Gladstone's own record leaves no doubt. He was forced, for instance, against what we must admit was his better judgment, into granting the inquiry into the action of the police in the D'Angeley case. His real opinion in the Rayner matter has never been known, but whatever it was nobody doubts that Rayner was reprieved because a newspaper agitation was worked up. We suspect that Mr. Gladstone is so conscious of his own weakness that he prays for deliverance from temptation and has abandoned any hope of being strong enough to resist whenever he is exposed to it. When the Bill becomes law its history will be that it passed because Parliament accepted Mr. Gladstone's distrust of himself as a match for the newspapers as typical of Home Secretaries in the future.

But Mr. Gladstone omits one consideration when he dwells on the ignorance and audacity, and hints at the selfish motives, of newspapers in starting their agitations. They do a great deal of harm, especially in the earlier stages of a case, by writing-up a theory of innocence or guilt. Usually they assume the latter; and it is a mark of their irresponsibility that the newspapers most prominent in this work are the papers that usually start an agitation for reprieve or remission of sentence after they have done their best to prove the man's guilt before he comes into court. A Court of Criminal Appeal will not check this evil activity of the newspapers, and the law of contempt of Court is not so effective as it might and ought to be. Yet there is something to be said for the papers. Mr. Gladstone shows that he looks on the Home Office as legitimately taking years to do its reviews of cases; and, strange to say, he takes credit for it. This dilatoriness is normal; and the case of Rayner, which was settled within twenty-four hours, was abnormal. In the ordinary course we do not think the Home Secretary would have interfered. It is evident from the history of the Beck and the Edalji cases that the instinct of the Home Office is to sit still and take no initiative, but to wait for outside pressure in one form or another. It is here that the good newspapers may do comes in. If it had not been for newspaper agitation, neither Mr. Beck nor Mr. Edalji would have got from the Home Office the extra-departmental inquiry to which he owed his free pardon; and but for it Mr. Edalji would not have been released. Mr. Gladstone's argument that the press stands in the way of the administration of the Home Office, and makes it impossible to review cases satisfactorily, is absurdly irrelevant. The two cases mentioned, so far as they came out satisfactorily in the end, did so precisely because the Home Office had been interfered with by the press. Mr. Gladstone puts himself in the ridiculous position of blaming the press for having been right. He makes it worse too by dwelling with unctuous on the immense number of instances in which no objection can be made to the decisions of the Courts or the Home Office. Is the fact that in the cases which have been heard of the Courts and the Home Office have been found making mistakes an argument that in those which have not been heard of they have been right? There would be something in it if the Commissioners' report on the Beck inquiry had approved of the Home Office instead of condemning it; or if the Edalji Committee had not tacitly censured it for keeping him in prison by advising that he should be released and pardoned.

We should put the matter in quite another way. Judging from the good the press has done in notorious cases, it might have done more if it had stirred up the Home Office in other cases that were not notorious. But this is where the press fails, to say nothing of its other incidental shortcomings, to be the best or even a good corrective of the Home Office. It only knows of the cases with which its columns have been full and in which the public have been deeply interested. It only cares for these because there is money and circulation in them, and its "Special Commissioners" are not sent to hunt up details of obscure affairs of which most people have never heard. This indifference of the press, which is obvious, is no less to be suspected in the Home Office. The natural tendency of a department is to sink into routine ways, and

especially with the Home Office there is the excuse that what the Courts of Justice have done is the last thing in which the executive should interfere. This, in fact, is the apology which Mr. Gladstone makes for the unwillingness of the Home Office to move until popular press clamour makes the chose jugée plea impossible. To protect the obscure prisoners thus left undefended between the Home Office and the press is the chief reason for establishing a Criminal Court of Appeal. If the plan of certain opponents of the Bill were adopted and reform sought in some re-shaping of the Home Office procedure, the objection would still remain that prisoners without the aid of the press might remain unrepresented and uncared for as they are at present. Accordingly there must be a legal tribunal to which they can take their complaints quite uncontrolled by the red tape and inertia of a Government department, and be independent of the caprice and chance action of newspapers. The press is a democratic institution, and Mr. Gladstone ought to have been less complaining and irritated at the trouble it has given him, but the poor man has not much reason for preferring the democratic to the bureaucratic plan.

Mr. Gladstone masks his personal irritation at the attacks of the press on him by showing that the judges also who have tried some of the cases which the press has taken up have been attacked as well as himself. Unfortunately we cannot accept his suggestion that to doubt the capacity of some judges to try criminal cases is necessarily a proof of the ignorance or malevolence of the press. There are judges even on the High Court Bench who either from inexperience, or faults of temper, or because they are possessed of a "cloistered virtue" not adaptable to the dust of the arena of common life, are dangerously unfit to dispose uncontrolled of the life and liberty of their fellow creatures. But more dangerous still are the many Recorders of small towns or Chairmen of Sessions in London or the country. The press is at a disadvantage in not knowing so much of the vagaries and the injustices committed by those judges as do the members of the Bar who practise before them. Their sentences are often disgraceful, and if it were not for the ignorance of the press or the defect which we have noticed of its only taking up cases with a sensational side, many judges might very rightly be attacked more than they are. But after all, though Mr. Gladstone attacks the press on the wrong grounds, he is right in urging that it is desirable to restrict the sphere in which it so often displays ignorance and an incurable tendency to sensationalism. The good it has done is mixed with an amount of harm which ought to be prevented. The Bill will not do this completely. There will still be cases where even after a Court of Appeal has dealt with their legal aspect there may remain reason for exercising the prerogative of the Crown. Then we suppose the press will still claim the right to harry the Home Secretary; and unless the question of compensation is left absolutely to the Court of Appeal he will still more be exposed to a newspaper campaign. But press activity will be very much cut down if the Bill passes. That is good; yet even so it has not been without its use while we have been waiting for the new Court to take the place of the Home Secretary.

A NATION'S MANUSCRIPT.

NAPOLEON is almost as famous for his saying that the English are a nation of shopkeepers as he is for Waterloo. Shopkeepers perhaps, but Napoleon did not say successful, and, considering the keenness which English people at times bring to bear on almost every pursuit save that of work, it is strange they should flourish in trade as much as they do. Even in literature and art, when they take to a book or a picture, they will show an enthusiasm over it which must be singular, even mysterious, to the observing foreigner. They can be almost as enthusiastic over a book or painting as they can be over a cricket match or pheasant-preserving or a race. True, the painting

or book—notably the painting—is, unlike the horse or the cricketer, usually a bad one. But with books there are marked exceptions. It is unquestionable that some of the most popular books in the language—read and rejoiced in generation after generation by English people of widely differing class and mind—are also some of the best books. We cannot explain it, nobody indeed can account for it—but there is the fact. Two books that offer good illustrations of this are Walton's "Angler" and White's "Natural History of Selborne", the MS. of which is to be sold at the Wellington Street Rooms on Monday. Froth in literature will come and froth will go, but they endure, and doubtless will endure with the language. Tons, hundreds of tons, of new six-shilling novels, full of bunkum, are shot on to a groaning book market every year; praised to heaven by critics, furiously inquired for at, and—more or less—provided by, the "Times" Book Club, skimmed by idlers and forgotten. But a few of the very good and yet very popular things in literature steadily and strongly hold their own. Generation after generation takes to them with unabated enthusiasm. They survive all changes in fashion and taste, and continue to appeal greatly even to a world of readers who may have little or no knowledge of the subjects which they treat of.

Such books really do become parcel of a nation's treasure. They are of the assets of a country. It is not sentiment to regard them so—it is good business. The constant reading of them, the greatly caring for them make for public good; just as surely as the constant nibbling or feasting on the trashy six-shilling fiction of to-day, and the growing emotional and sentimental over its absurd characterisation and plot, tend to public ill. One would pity the obtuseness of the educated man who could not understand how public good is served by two such old classics as we have chosen for example; and when the good is so widespread, the book does become in the right meaning of the term the nation's property.

Likewise, the original manuscript of it becomes a nation's manuscript. It should be priceless, unmarketable. To part with it to a foreign nation, to allow it to go out of the country ought to be impossible. But it is here that the enthusiasm of English people for their possessions in art and literature languishes. Napoleon must have been right after all. We are a nation of shopkeepers. There is nothing in the shop we are not ready to sell at a price. We would no doubt sell the Great Seal, if we could get a good enough offer from Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Shakespeare folios, first editions of Walton, the portraits of Reynolds, of Romney—these and any other national heirlooms, only given a fat enough offer, we are happy to part with to any foreign nation that has the taste and money to buy them. We can put them up as coolly as Charles Surface did his forbears. One of these undoubtedly heirlooms of the nation is coming into the market next week. It is the author's holograph of "Selborne". It includes not only the entire series of letters White wrote to Pennant and all but two or three of those he wrote to Barrington; but also various delightful odds and ends, such as the manuscripts of several of his poems and "More particulars of the old family Tortoise"—perhaps the most famous animal in English literature, not excepting Cowper's hares or Dr. John Brown's "Rab". White has not quite the world fame that Walton has. We suppose that many thousands of pounds would be bid for the manuscript of Walton's book, did it exist to-day, and that more foreign nations than one would come to bid. But we have little doubt, none the less, that there are manuscript enthusiasts and collectors in America as well as in England who have their eye on White's MS., and that one or two of them will make a great effort to carry it away. It is to be hoped that their rivals in this country will not suffer them to do so. But in any case there can be no real and lasting safety for literary and art treasures such as these till the nation itself understands the importance of securing and keeping them. We cannot blame foreign nations for wishing to pick up what we will not make up our minds to conserve. Considering that we took and hold the Elgin Marbles, and that we have many other art treasures which

the countries that produced them ought never to have allowed us to carry off, such blame would be graceless enough in our mouths. We cannot blame them, but it is our interest—even our duty perhaps—to prevent them buying these treasures. Cosmopolitanism in these things is folly and Jellabyism. We can only afford to think of ourselves. As matters are now, it rests with individuals to show their patriotic sense by preventing these treasures from leaving England. But, even suppose there were at the present time plenty of individuals rich enough and keen enough to prevent such national treasures being snapped up by foreigners, the position would not be satisfactory; for it is impossible to say for sure what a man's sons, much less his grandsons, will do with his treasures of art and literature. If anything, we should say that the chances are in favour of one of these generations selling to the highest bidder the picture or the manuscript. Thus this very manuscript has been twice in the market within the last twelve years! Moreover, even if it is kept in the country, there is no surety that it will be fully available to the public.

Private owners often find it highly inconvenient to turn their houses into public picture galleries and museums: some of them—and we cannot altogether wonder at it—would rather not buy at all than be put to this discomfort. We know how some of the most considerate of owners have had to close their houses and galleries against the public, because a certain number of rowdies have persisted in annoying them and prying into their private lives. Public authorities can deal effectually with these people, the private owner cannot always do so; and he is therefore driven into locking up his art and literary treasures against the general public, to their great loss. On these grounds there is clearly a good case in favour of the nation buying, when they come into the market, pictures and manuscripts which have a real and growing national interest and value. This is now generally recognised; but it is only acted upon by fits and starts, and when there is a strong public demand or pressure. There is nobody in the Government of the day, whatever its politics, who takes charge of this matter; and until there is such a supreme authority little is likely to be done.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

(By A MEMBER.)

NO penitential posture graced the attitude of the Prime Minister on Monday when he came to confession; doubtless he felt that a programme weakened by dissent and wasted by excess would appear none the stronger for presentation on relaxed knees. The Bills he had committed formed the stock of his statement, and those he had omitted were mentioned only in order to guarantee their speedy perpetration.

The licensing question when viewed from afar off assumed proportions of such importance as to cause a measure relating thereto to be given first place in the King's Speech; on a nearer view, however, it seems that the difficulty of the problem became as obvious as its bulk, and the Government, who by the constant practice of self-immersion in dilemmas have learnt by this time to know a difficulty when they see one, judged it a matter of sufficient urgency to be let alone. For this year at least temperance reform is wiped off the slate, and temperance reformers have to cull what comfort they can from the honour done them in placing their name first on the call list; it is hoped the Government may suffer nothing from their resentment consequent on the discovery that they are the last to be called.

The Irish Bill was sacrificed according to expectation, and if Mr. Redmond had indeed foretold its certain failure to the Government, the deficiencies and shortcomings of Mr. Birrell's introductory speech were accounted for. No Minister can be enthusiastic concerning a measure that he knows already to be fore-damned, no man will attune his voice for the edification of the deaf or attempt to cut a figure before the blind. But suspicion surmises that Mr. Redmond's prophecy

followed after the fact, and that the Dublin Convention alone made clear to him the necessity of abandoning the Bill or sharing its fate. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman wisely left unsaid what he and the future might have in store for Ireland; and Mr. Redmond displayed no anxiety to find out, merely remarking at the end of his speech that the Nationalists would rely only and solely on themselves. The Government's perspicacious handling of the problems of Ireland and their intuition into Irish ambitions seem to have led them to a choice between tendering the Nationalists a gift they reject, or promising them a larger measure which they have no mandate to offer. Disliking the alternatives, they draw back from either, Ireland follows temperance into the limbo of postponed difficulties, and the programme is once more purged of an inconvenient item.

Somewhat to the surprise of the House, Mr. McKenna and his Education Bill were the next to follow, not without, it may be believed, something of a scuffle with the nonconformists. These gentlemen tirelessly reiterate the belief they hold as to the position occupied by them in the anatomy of the Liberal party, and astonishment was expressed therefore at such columnar rigidity having been induced to bend sufficiently to allow another session to pass before conscience found itself at liberty to permit its possessor to go at large. But the Prime Minister undertook that a famine diet this year should be compensated by a large loaf next session, and Nonconformity non-content fluttered up to its pigeon-hole alongside Temperance and Mr. Redmond.

Great play was made with the measures that may possibly become law this session, such as the two Land Bills and the Territorial Forces experiment.

The Scottish measure is being pressed through Committee upstairs by the steady use of the closure, assisted by an extension of time for the sittings that the Government have extracted from members for its application. Committees in the past have sat from eleven o'clock to three, in future the hour is extended to four, thus depriving members of their power to be present during question time, and, ipso facto, the Government of the annoyance of their interrogations. Discussion concerning English Small Holdings will no doubt be subjected to the same disabilities, the Government apparently being actuated by the conviction that the greater the publicity given to their proceedings the less the approval that will wait upon their actions.

It is a curious commentary—which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman did not stop to make—on the adroitness that has distinguished his guidance, that the sole measure of first-class importance to be passed in full committee of the whole House is the very one that is most unpopular with his own supporters. The Territorial Forces Bill has been debated by Mr. Haldane and the Opposition, while the Liberal benches have been tenanted for the most part by Mr. McCrae and Sir Charles Dilke, both of whom have lent to the amendment of the measure an interest not at all shared by the members of the cold-water school. The doctrines of this new cult are largely subscribed to by Radicals below the gangway, many of whom would be not at all averse to subjecting the War Minister and his scheme to a douche of their elemental criticism.

Major Seely rises at intervals during the discussion on the Bill to interpolate with variations his favourite theory that the less a man is trained to arms the more capable he becomes of bearing them, a singular conviction only borne out by the analogy that the less a man eats the more hungry he grows. The gallant member's experiences in South Africa appear to suffice him for all conditions of warfare; some of those experiences he has subsequently nursed into theories, others he has petted into delusions; while, for fact, he can adduce an acquaintance with the Swiss Militia, and a practical knowledge as to the uses of the long-bow, which one may hope he finds serviceable on occasion.

Mr. Balfour, replying to the Prime Minister, took the business by the handle, leaving Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to grasp the blade, an operation that resulted in the true condition of Governmental performances being laid bare for the enlightenment of the country. The best that can be said of the Prime Minister's pronouncement is that in his view the

future is full of promise, doubtless it will be in the recollection of many that the past was glutted with the same commodity.

Mr. Morley's statement on the condition of India, that he made to the House on Thursday, was of wider interest to the empire than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's party apologetics. Mr. Morley carried with him the whole House in his determination to keep a firm hand on affairs, and not to allow the fads of the fanatics below the gangway to carry greater weight with him than the lives of the white population in India. The most notable phrase in his speech was that wherein he attributed much of the trouble to the efficiency of the Government, which super-excellence, he said, created a soulless mechanism, crushing out in its action a sympathy that should exist between the Government and the people. It should not be difficult to better a state of things produced by perfection, and were not India too serious a subject to practise upon, one might reasonably expect his Majesty's present advisers would be the very people to correct this fault.

THE CITY.

STILL the depression on the Stock Exchange continues, and still a certain class of croakers persist in ascribing it to the present Government. If further refutation of this fallacy be needed, it is only necessary to point to New York, Paris and Berlin, where the same weakness in securities prevails, but which are beyond the reach of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith. The collapse in American rails which began in March has been, it will be conceded, one of the most powerful contributory factors to the failures and liquidation in Throgmorton Street: and it can hardly be argued that the tremendous fall in the Hill and Harriman stocks was brought about by fears of British Socialists. In one department only will we admit that the depreciation in values is attributable to our Government, we mean in brewery shares. Licensing reform has been postponed till next year; but it hangs over the trade, and no one knows how, when and where the blow will fall. It will probably take the form of increased duties and a further reduction of licenses. The brewery companies which have invested largely in tied houses at fancy prices will, no doubt, be hard hit by any further diminution of licenses, probably without compensation, and increased duties would impinge upon the profits of all the ordinary or deferred shares. Still some brewery companies are so well managed that they have little or nothing to fear. Take Nalder and Collyers, for instance, which have paid 22½ per cent. on their ordinary shares for the last five years. At the present price of the shares, £29 for a £10 share, the yield is 7 15s. Or take that admirably managed Birmingham brewery, Mitchells and Butlers, which pays 19 per cent., and could pay more, and whose shares at 2½ for £1 share yield 7 17s. 9d. per cent. We doubt whether breweries such as these have much to fear from Radical legislation. It is rather the big, over-capitalised combines that will suffer, and their plight is largely due to imprudent management and insensate competition. As for our Home Railways, undoubtedly the dividends on the ordinary stock are endangered by the higher cost of materials and the demand for higher wages; but that has nothing to do with the Government. No one would be better pleased than ourselves to see the present crew sent packing; but Conservatives only make themselves ridiculous by blaming the Government for economic conditions which are beyond human control; or, if they are due to human agency, are due to the Transvaal war and the Irish Land Act more than to anything.

We confess that we cannot explain why the profits that must be accumulating in the provinces by the activity of trade do not find their way into the many tempting investments that solicit purchasers. People will put their money into a mine, and go without any interest for years in the hope of ultimately getting 10 or 15 per cent., forgetting the number of years that have to be added, while they refuse to buy safe investments yielding 6 per cent. like the following: Costa Rica Railway 6 per cent. second debentures, guaranteed

by a wealthy American company, at 96; Arauco Railway 6 per cent. debentures, at 99; Kalgoorlie Electric Trams 6 per cent. debentures, at 82½; Southern Pacific Railway 7 per cent. New Preference at 105; Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary stock, paying 7 per cent. at 111; Bolivar Railway 6 per cent. debentures at 94; Brazil Great Southern Railway 6 per cent. debentures at 97; Colombian Northern Railway 5 per cent. debentures at 79; Steel Trust Preference Stock 7 per cent. at 99. This is merely a bouquet of investments culled at random; but it shows the blindness of the man who has money to invest that they should go a-begging. Amongst higher-class securities, no doubt the new issue of £1,000,000 4½ per cent. debentures by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway at 96 offers a moral certainty of making 10 per cent. profit to those who can wait a few months, as the bonds will certainly go to 105, and if money gets more plentiful next year probably to 110, if not higher.

The extraordinary success of the well-known caterers Messrs. Lyons is due to organisation and sound finance. They have just declared a dividend of 32½ per cent., following a similar dividend last year, and 30 per cent. for the three preceding years. The chairman, Mr. Joseph Lyons, informed his shareholders that the company could have declared a higher dividend, but that the directors were pursuing a policy of building up a reserve fund and writing down assets. Undoubtedly motor-buses and tramways have brought grist to the mills of Messrs. Lyons: but they would never have succeeded so brilliantly if they had not supplied good food and drink to their customers, and managed their finances carefully. In these days of gambling in rotten mines it is refreshing to come across a sound and well-managed industrial concern. Industrial shares have of course not escaped the general depression of the markets, which should account for the price at which Hope Brothers can be bought. At the present market prices the cumulative preference shares yield £6 17s. 6d. per cent. and the ordinary £6 13s. 4d. per cent. These figures are the more noteworthy because last year the profits showed an increase of £14,000, the recent interim dividend on the ordinary shares was 1 per cent. higher than the corresponding distribution last year, and the business generally is reported to be improving.

INSURANCE.

HOUSEHOLDERS' LIABILITY.—II.

LAST week we had something to say on the question of employers' liability to pay compensation in the event of injury by accident under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906. To-day we propose to deal with the circumstances in which such liability may arise. The conditions are "personal injury by accident arising out of and in the course of the employment". These words have given rise to a great deal of litigation in the past and there are decisions of the courts which throw some light upon the meaning of the phrase. It has been held that "the expression 'accident' is used . . . as denoting an unlooked-for mishap or an untoward event which is not expected or designed". This popular and ordinary sense of the word was given a somewhat elastic meaning when it was held that anthrax was an accident. The disease was caused by the attack of some bacillus, and though the attack was infinitesimal in force and invisible to the naked eye, yet it was physically a blow and is to be regarded as an accident. If this view is to prevail, it would seem by no means improbable that most—if not all—*infectious and contagious diseases* are accidents within the meaning of the Act. Certain industrial diseases are definitely provided for in the new Act, but with these we are not at present concerned. For the most part they are such as lead-poisoning, which comes on slowly, and the time of contracting the disease may not be fixed. It would seem that for a disease to be an "accident" the time at which it is caught must be able to be fixed within more or less narrow limits.

The accident must arise out of and in the course of the employment. If there is scarlet fever in the

house and the housemaid catches it, it would, if held to be injury by accident, be considered as arising in the course of her employment. If she had been to friends who had scarlet fever and there was no fever in her master's house, the employer would not be liable. Similarly with accidents as more generally understood. A servant who was injured while out for her own pleasure would have no claim on her mistress, and even if she were merely talking to a friend at the gate and fell down the area steps the employer would not be liable. It is possible that if, while out for a holiday, she did some shopping for her mistress and was injured before the shopping was done, liability would attach to the employer. It seems impossible to draw any hard and fast distinction between what does and what does not arise out of and in the course of the employment, and when cases are on the border-line they must be settled by agreement or by arbitration and the courts. A man arriving at his work twenty minutes before the time to begin was injured and entitled to claim. An engine cleaner directed to travel to his work met with an accident on the way and his employers were liable. In yet another case the employer was held responsible when a workman allowed, as a favour, to spend his dinner-hour—for which he was not paid—in the workshop, met with an injury. On the other hand a man allowed to travel to his employers' colliery by their trains was denied the right to compensation: and a ticket collector who fell off the foot-board of a moving train, having stepped on it merely to speak to a friend, was also held to have no claim from the railway. These are decisions which will undoubtedly carry weight in determining the circumstances in which liability arises now that the Act has been applied to a much larger number of employees.

Another point of considerable importance to some employers is whether or not they are liable to pay compensation if the accident arises outside the United Kingdom. If the master is domiciled in the United Kingdom and takes his chauffeur on the Continent, it seems probable on the whole that the chauffeur would have a valid claim to compensation in the event of injury by accident. Whether or not a servant engaged abroad with the idea of working for the same master in the United Kingdom would have a legal claim is more doubtful. There is, however, sufficient uncertainty in regard to the point to make it advisable for all employers, likely to take their servants abroad, to have the point specifically provided for in their insurance policy.

If injury by accident "results in death or serious and permanent disablement" the employer has to pay compensation even though the injury "is attributable to the serious and wilful misconduct of that workman". If, however, the incapacity is only temporary the employee in such a case has no valid claim. The serious and wilful misconduct has to be proved in order to exempt the employer, and must be regarded as a matter of fact to be determined in each case. A lad leaned over a circular saw, though frequently forbidden to do so, and though negligent his claim was allowed. If the injury were due to the drunkenness of the workman he would have no claim, unless the injury were very serious. On the other hand, if serious and wilful misconduct could reasonably be regarded as happening in an emergency and intended for the benefit of the employer the claim of the injured workman would probably be allowed.

There are countless other points in regard to the circumstances in which liability arises, which it would be interesting and profitable to discuss, but the main lesson which they teach is the necessity of insurance as the only method of providing not merely for the payment of claims when admitted, but for the defence of actions, without cost to the employer, when these are brought.

BRIDGE.

LEADING UP TO DUMMY.

THE lead up to dummy, by the player on the dealer's right, would appear to be a very simple matter when the dummy's cards are all exposed on the table, yet it is a point which is very imperfectly understood by inexperienced players. They know the general

principle that it is good to lead up to weakness in dummy, but their knowledge ends at that.

It is always best, if possible, to lead a higher card than the highest in dummy, so that the dealer will be obliged to cover it or to lose a cheap trick. For instance, suppose the leader has king, knave, 9, 4, and there are the 10 and two others in dummy, the knave is the card to lead, so that if the dealer has the queen and the third player has the ace every trick in that suit must be won. Again, leading from queen, 10, 9, 2 up to 8, 6, 4 in dummy, the 9 should be led and not the 2, so as to ensure a high card being taken out of the dealer's hand. If the leader's partner is possessed of ordinary intelligence there need be no fear of this lead being misconstrued as the highest of the suit. It is quite a well-recognised one, and all good players understand it.

In a No Trump game the third player usually has no option as to which suit to lead up to; he is under an obligation to return his partner's opening lead, unless it is manifestly impossible to establish it. It is against a trump suit declaration that this lead is so important. One of the best of all leads against a strong suit declaration, but a lead which most players are very much adverse to, is the king from king and one other up to weakness in dummy.

Over and over again this lead will save a game which would otherwise have been lost, and it obviously can do no harm. If the ace and queen are both in the dealer's hand, the king singly guarded is as dead as a doornail, provided of course that the dummy will be able to get the lead; but if the leader's partner has the ace, or better still both ace and queen, what a fine lead it becomes! It gives the leader a fine chance of making a small trump, if his partner has the ace, and in no circumstances can it do any harm.

We saw a hand not long ago which bears strongly on this point, in fact it was this particular hand which induced us to write the present article.

The score was love all. A dealt and left it. B declared hearts. B's hand and Z's were:—

		Y	
A	B	(dummy)	
			Hearts—Ace, king, queen, 7, 2. Diamonds—Knaves, 5, 3. Clubs—King, 9, 4. Spades—King, 2.
Z			

Hearts—Knave, 5, 3.
Diamonds—King, 2.
Clubs—Ace, 10, 6, 3.
Spades—Queen, 10, 8, 4.

Y led the 7 of clubs, which Z won with the ace. Z then had to lead up to the exposed hand in dummy. According to our way of thinking there was only one lead for him—the king of diamonds. His partner's 7 of clubs was very likely a singleton; but, even if it was so, his partner had still got to hold the ace of diamonds, or the queen of diamonds and the ace of spades in order to save the game, presuming the trumps to lie evenly. As a matter of fact the 7 of clubs was a singleton, and the original leader held ace, queen to five diamonds. The player of Z's hand, not being equal to the above reasoning, returned a club which was trumped by his partner. Y then led a trump, quite rightly, hoping to save the game with his ace, queen of diamonds, but A, who held the ace of spades, brought in his two long clubs and two of B's diamonds were discarded, enabling A to win the game. When it was over Z made the usual futile remark, "I could not lead a diamond from king and one other", but why not? It was a lead that could do no possible harm, and in this particular case would have saved two, if not three, tricks. Good players all know this lead and are very fond of it, but nothing short of absolute necessity will induce the second-rate player to use it. He will sit there, nursing his king singly guarded, in the vain hope of making it when he has no earthly chance of doing so unless his partner holds the ace or queen, in which case the king cannot fail to be a good lead.

Another lead which some players are very much afraid of is up to an ace in dummy. They will say, when they have probably done a lot of harm by leading precisely the suit which their opponents wanted led,

"What could I do? I could not lead right up to dummy's ace." But again we say, why not? The ace is there, it has got to make, and it may just as well make sooner as later. It is no doubt a calamity that the ace should be there, but as it is there and cannot be taken away it does not gain any increased value by being led up to, provided that it has no strength behind it. So far from the lead up to an ace being an impossible one, it is a far better one than leading up to a guarded king or queen.

A trump lead up to the exposed hand, when the declaration has been made by the dealer, is sometimes a very good one. When the dealer has had a chance of leading trumps himself and has not done so, this lead is nearly always right, as the dealer must have some object in not getting the trumps out, and if it is not to his interest to have them out it naturally follows that it must be to his opponent's interest to do so.

It is hardly necessary to say that a trump should always be led at once when there appears any chance of the dummy, being the weak hand, making a trump or two by ruffing.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.

[By the author of "Economics for Irishmen."]

V.—MORE "EDUCATION."

I HAD better be very grave in this chapter. The last thing I wrote on higher education in Ireland has caused actions for libel against the "Times", Sir James Henderson and Dr. Traill, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, with an immediate prospect of adding the "Spectator" and my old friend the "Freeman's Journal". This was brought about by four lines of intelligent innocence, which shows how easy it is to make things happen in a country where everybody must "think" as somebody else pretends to think; but when a man has put big forces in motion, he must watch the curve of his circle, and I do not want to be more than sympathetic historian to the battle I have begun. Besides, I understand that the judges object to any assistance beforehand in determining the merits of such a matter.

Strange as it may seem, we have in Ireland an "Education Reform Association", with a piquant pamphlet called "Secular Control of Secular Education", a proposition so entirely true, and so obviously sensible, that nearly everybody is bitterly opposed to it, especially the professional representatives of Truth and Sense, who know the value of a monopoly in the springs of life. We have also in Ireland people with University degrees who believe, as Dr. Traill quotes it, that the Governing Board of Trinity, of which he is a member, "divide the surplus revenues of the college among themselves at the end of the year", and that even the students are well enough aware of it to call it "a scramble for the coppers". Dr. Traill does not like that, but the pamphlet suggests it, and evidence before the Education Commission asserts it. Mr. R. J. McMordie M.A. is treasurer to the Association, and my four lines, based on the pamphlet, led Dr. Traill to attribute "a tissue of falsehoods" to him in the press. Some think it looks like calling Mr. McMordie a liar, and Mr. McMordie does not like this. They are both Protestants, of different schools, and I am not a Protestant. Myself and Cardinal Logue look on, though from slightly different standpoints.

It is the first time that a single "Idolator" has set our two camps of "Heretics" upon each other, and I did not expect it so soon after having flung the proverbial apple among our two camps of "Idolators"; but there is no "Catholic" enthusiasm over the Protestant conflict, for if the critic look in at Trinity to-day, he may look in at Maynooth to-morrow. The specific charges against Trinity remain to be proved; but, in any case, Irish education all round is little better than plunder of the taxpayer to enslave the citizen for the privilege of the priest. Just now, however, we have got the mobs so mixed that they have less time for the older and more fatal strife of Protestant v. Catholic, which has long been no better than a trick to fleece both folds for the benefit of the bell-wethers,

who have chewed in comfort together while keeping their hungered followers butting each other to death.

The formula shifts to "Ireland v. her Own Tyrants", and so my new chaos turns out to be essentially cosmogonic. Out of it must arise new men, neither Roman nor British, but really Irish, emancipated from the deadliest tradition, with mind and will to make a new Nation out of new Life. The cleavage is already deep enough to cause prophetic bleating among the bell-wethers. Life already asserts itself against the tyranny of its own trappings. Sane men sicken of the tomb as the explanation of their existence, and strong men tire of eternity as a substitute for food while the preacher goes to Harrogate against indigestion from overfeeding. When her dictators fall out, Ireland comes by her own. The change affects Life all round, and once we get Irishmen free to think and to will in the interests of their own lives in their own country, their government will no longer "pass the wit of man"; but education is at the bottom of it all, and that is why the dictators hold it for their own, as the shortest cut to dominion over the national mind and will. That, too, is the reason for organising "religion" against ideas. I was not a month in Ireland when Father T. A. Finlay, the Castle Jesuit, caught the meaning of my purpose, and told the Irish public that I had come "from London pot-houses". Now he knows better.

From the facts of Primary Education, it must be clear that the Primary Schools cannot well prepare people for the Intermediate, though costing more per pupil than in Scotland, and it is not less true that the Intermediate fail to link with the University, though financed at the public expense by a proportionately liberal capitation; but the failure of the University to link with Irish Life, and to react for the country's advantage, is illustrated as clearly as either, in the fact that we have only two engineers in Trinity College electorate, while the Provost admits to me that a very much larger number of Trinity's clergymen are employed outside Ireland than inside. A professor highly placed in the governing body of Trinity argues with me that education for export is a legitimate function of the University, endowed at Ireland's expense to educate the Irish people for Ireland; and we may take it that the same is the case as regards the other Irish University and the various colleges. Maynooth has a sort of charter of its own, and the Reform Association tell us that the college "turns out a surplus over Irish needs of 100* clergymen annually for service in Great Britain", not to mention those for other countries or those dismissed by the bishops for attempting to enlighten the people, of whom I could give a fairly large list from personal knowledge alone.

Thus the Primary School does not reach the Intermediate, the Intermediate does not reach the University, and the University does not reach Life, though educating so largely, out of Ireland's poverty, for the benefit of other countries, where the individual is free to apply educated faculty. If the Irish people may not have mind and will, then, of what use can education be to them? Men without legs do not buy boots.

They may not yet see what I mean, but they prove the truth of it by emigrating to poorer opportunities. Our "education" is an immediate cause of our emigration, and such illiterate regions as we have in Dr. Healey's diocese are the only ones that have not fallen in population since the great famine, while the better lands are cleared of men, far less from landlordism than from the people being more inefficient than the bullock in getting wealth from the soil. Could this be so if mind and will were free to apply educated faculty in the business of life? Illiteracy maintains the population on the land not good enough for beasts, and "education" depopulates the lands too good for men, while the priest preaches to the bullock, and permits no one but himself to express opinions on the phenomenon.

The Intermediate system was started "to give money and other prizes to successful candidates at annual examinations, with 'results' awards to the school for

* Bishop O'Dea's evidence to the Commission does not seem to agree fully with this. Assuming the total surplus exported to be 100 a year, the loss to Ireland is over £150,000 a year, not to mention the money value of 100 useful lives at home.

passes and prizes secured by the pupils". It is controlled by one of our forty-five or more Boards, with £110,000 a year; and the members are carefully selected on sectarian lines to satisfy the organised bigotries that we call "religion" rather than to make educational uses of the money. The members are twelve, five Catholics, four Episcopalian Protestants, and three Presbyterians, with the cleric leading each group, and five clerics in all. The laymen are selected to agree with the clerics, and there would be an immediate scream against the best educationist in the world if his introduction were to disturb the mathematical adjustment of the sectarian balance. It is obvious that the groups are arranged to watch one another, lest anyone should annex more than its share of the national mind and will, from which it follows that education must be a secondary consideration. If the nation could rise above the creeds in national matters, a Board like this might be worked for education and for religion as well; but the creeds rise above the nation, so that the money meant for education goes to accommodate sectarianism and to turn Christianity into strife.

On the Catholic side, the Intermediate schools are almost wholly controlled by "the ecclesiastical person", not merely in management, but also in emolument, making it automatically impossible for the country to develop lay teaching power on the higher plane; and now the monks and nuns are rapidly "scrambling" for the Primary plums also, taking the schools that are worth having from lay teachers, while the Government goes on "training" these teachers for export at Ireland's expense. It must seem strange to many British minds, but there is nothing strange in it when we come to consider the imperial policy of "managing the Irish" through the bishops, as admitted by Lord Randolph Churchill, and confided to us by his son.

From the first, the system turned its young victims into grant-earning machines, at the expense of health, character and intellect, with the prodigies packed full of useless "knowledge", the educational average very low, and its methods often actually degrading. The Reform Association say: "This system, of course, lent itself to cramming as its best feature, and as its worst, to the supplying to the teachers in many cases of the questions which the examiners intended to place on the examination papers. . . . Many of the children had been forced to hand back to the teachers the amount of their prizes. On the strange ground, however, that many of the prizewinners might have parents who would take and mis-spend the money, the money is now all given to the schools"—that is, to "the ecclesiastical persons". Who are these "teachers"? They are the "holy men" and the "holy women" who have "given up the world" for religion. Is it any wonder that the Irish people give up Ireland for emigration?

We have names like that of Sir James Henderson to the above assertions in the Reform Association's pamphlet, but we need not go beyond good Catholics for the ecclesiastical working of the Intermediate system. Miss Mary Lambert Butler, the novelist, quotes the case of a Southern convent where the daughters of the farmers and shopkeepers were "taught how to get in and out of a carriage, and how to issue orders to the footman"; and as to the young men "educated" by the monks and priests, Most Reverend Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, says "that nine-tenths of them are lost, and that they are now going to swell the ranks of the déclassé, without an education that is worth a button to them for any useful purpose". How can his lordship expect education to be of use to a people whose mind and will are sacerdotal assets under an appeal to Heaven?

The sacerdotal traffic in our education is incomplete at one point—we want "a Catholic University". A few minds and wills still escape, alive and free, causing uncertainty; therefore, the British Treasury must make up the gap that lets them loose, perhaps putting an end to nationality as well as to educational freedom. Maynooth was founded for laymen as well as for clerics, and it is estimated that Maynooth has pocketed over £2,000,000 from the State alone; but the priest very soon pushed the layman out among the "heretics",

when he had nowhere else to go, and then threatened to refuse him absolution if he went to "the God-less colleges". Defrauded of his inheritance in Maynooth, and denounced if he went elsewhere, the layman has drifted to destruction, with the priest still as his "guide and protector", in religion, in politics and in butter-making. Above all, the layman must not develop a character to "protect" himself. What a layman, this of ours!

To meet that position of affairs the Queen's Colleges were started, a fairly complete system of University teaching, well endowed, inexpensive and free from tests; but the bishops, unable to dominate it, determined to destroy it, and again left the layman at large. Here is Mr. Davitt's account of the facts: "Twenty-five bishops met. Twelve voted for the colleges, and twelve against them. The odd bishop, possibly the most uneducated of the twenty-five, has deprived Catholic Ireland of University education for several generations". Who gave absolution to the twelve bishops that voted for the "God-less colleges"? Now we must have "heretic" money for another Maynooth, and anyone who wants to know what it will do for us has but to look at the kind of human rat that goes burrowing in our provincial towns with a University degree from Jesuit teaching in Dublin.

Good-natured people plead that, "After all, isn't the priest the most suited to control education?" Certainly, because he has made the fitness of anybody else impossible, but the nation that cannot develop and support lay faculty in education cannot possibly last. Then, as to the priest's fitness, listen to Bishop O'Dwyer again: "Almost all secular education in Ireland is in the hands of the clergy. . . . The clergy that teach have never received a true education. There are no laymen competent to teach at all. . . . The clergy come out of Maynooth . . . absolutely deficient in all classical education and in all scientific and mathematical education. . . . They are deficient in . . . a something which cultivates a sense of honour and of right judgment with regard to the affairs of life." That is what Maynooth has done with the £2,000,000—what will Dr. O'Dwyer's Maynooth priest do with a "Catholic University"? The above extracts will be found in "Secular Control of Secular Education", from the bishop's evidence to the Royal Commission. They are painful admissions, especially when we reflect that not education and life alone, but religion itself also, must suffer in the keeping of such a man as Dr. O'Dwyer describes. No layman of our time has revealed proofs so entirely complete of our moral and intellectual ruin by clerical dominion; yet these are the clerics who continue to dictate the election and the voting of the Boards of Guardians and the Irish Parliamentary party.

PAT.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

I KNOW a street in Seville town
Built with such height of storied walls
That all day, though the sun looks down,
Scarcely one streak of sunlight falls.

Yet strangely even the shadow seems
Glad with light-penetrated air;
Asleep, but lit with shining dreams,—
Dark, but yet sure the sun is there.

Gazing I stood:—the passers-by
Glanced, wondering what I mused apart:—
They guessed, maybe, the painter's eye,
But ah, guessed not the lover's heart!

Far on that opening all might bend
Their gaze; but only I could tell
How lovely at the long street's end
Bright out of heaven the sunlight fell.

WALTER HEADLAM.

G. B. S. AGAIN.

WE do not deserve Mr. Shaw. Why was he not born a German? In Germany they have been industriously playing "Man and Superman" from start to finish—the two scenes in the Sierra Nevada, the scene in Hell, and all: a six hours' traffic. At the Court Theatre the scene in Hell is being played as a fragment; and here are many of even the better critics complaining that their endurance is put to a too severe test. Not that they really feel themselves aggrieved. They were not really bored for one moment. Indeed, I do not fancy that a single person in last Tuesday's audience was bored. But in England it is an old and honoured custom to be sulky and grudging in acknowledgment of contemporary genius. People are eager to be assured by critics that what they have been enjoying immensely is really rather tedious. They like to know that what has quickened their brains is something that doesn't bear thinking of for one moment, and that what is good enough for them will certainly not be good enough for anyone a few years hence. "But do you think he will *live*?" is a question which, wherever Mr. Shaw is discussed—and that is everywhere—people ask you with such evident anxiety for you to say "no" that you have scarcely the heart to depress them by explaining that whether or not Mr. Shaw will be liked by posterity is no business of ours—our business being merely to determine how we like him, and to be not afraid of saying how very much we like him, and not to snarl at him for the pleasure he gives us. I have been much amused, just lately, by the many unctuous little references made by the newspapers to the "slashing attacks" on Mr. Shaw in the current numbers of "Blackwood's Magazine" and "The Bookman". Both these articles I have read; and I found nothing to choose between them in imbecility. I do not know who "Z." is in "Blackwood's"; and I am similarly handicapped in regard to Mr. Alfred Noyes in "The Bookman". But I am pretty sure that neither of these gentlemen is so foolish as he pretends to be. When one was a schoolboy, and even when one was an undergraduate, the "slashing attack" used rather to exhilarate one, and even to impress one. I protest I used to revel in the old "Scots' Observer". But how glumly should I hail now a revival of that publication! When one is grown up, one demands discrimination from a critic, and sincerity; and when a critic indiscriminately slashes, one's doubts of his sincerity are in ratio to his apparent ability. Both "Z." and Mr. Alfred Noyes write rather well; and thus I cannot believe that either of them is really blind to those great qualities which he ignores in Mr. Shaw. Like any other man of genius, Mr. Shaw is vulnerable at many points. But to treat him as a mere tedious charlatan is absurd on the face of it; and this patent absurdity must have seriously marred the pleasure which these articles have been giving to the British public.

Mr. Shaw has never contrived so good an expression of his genius as in "Don Juan in Hell". In no other work of his is one so struck by the force and agility of his brain, by the spontaneity of his humour, and by the certainty of his wit. The whole conception of the play—Hell as the place where nothing is real, and where beauty and romance and honour and chivalry and all the other things which Mr. Shaw will none of are unhampered by any actual purpose in life—is not only witty in itself, but gives Mr. Shaw a chance of expounding his philosophy in a peculiarly telling way; and of this chance he has made the most. From first to last the high pressure of thought never lacks perfect expression; the close logical sequence of ideas is never obscured, is only illuminated, by the admirable rhetoric and admirable wit. In point of literary style, this play is very much the best thing that Mr. Shaw has done. Since it was published, I have read it many times with unlesioned delight. Had I to choose between reading it and seeing it acted on the stage, I should certainly choose to read it. The ideas are too good and too many to be fully appreciated in a theatre by one who has not already lingered over them in his study. But certainly, when you have first got the hang of them, a performance of the play makes them all the more vivid and

delightful; and you find yourself hoping that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker will take an early opportunity of producing some of the dialogues of Plato. Nothing could be better than the visual effect designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts. In writing of a recent production, I complained that Mr. Ricketts had so arranged the stage as to cramp his figures and banish from us the necessary illusion of space. But this time Mr. Ricketts has given us not merely space but infinity. Richly dark, Hell stretches impenetrably on and on, so that we really believe ourselves there; and in this rich darkness, sharply outlining the four subtly illuminated figures of the play, in their very beautiful costumes, we have surely the finest and strangest scenic effect that was ever contrived. It will be a shame if this effect is not preserved for us by some worthy painter. (Surely flash-light photographs do not wholly make up to us for the desuetude of the charming art of Zoffany?) As Doña Ana, Miss Lillah McCarthy has not very much to do, except to manage her hoop and her fan gracefully, and to diffuse the requisite radiance of womanhood; and these things she accomplishes perfectly. In point of pictorial style, Mr. Robert Loraine, as Don Juan, is not quite so good; but it is on Don Juan that the main burden of the dialogue falls; and no one could have spoken the speeches better than Mr. Loraine. His excellence is not merely in that variety of pace and intonation necessary in long speeches, and so seldom achieved by actors trained up on a stage where only snippets of speech are fashionable. He seems to be really thinking, really evolving the ideas he had to express, and really rejoicing, too, in his mastery of debate. It is a pity that Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, who plays the statue of Don Gonzalo, is not three or four inches taller than Nature made him. It is essential to the fun of the play that the statue should be physically in sharp contrast with its manner and its ideas. Mr. Norman McKinnel, on the other hand, is much too tall and imposing as the Devil, and, though his elocution is admirable, he does not really enter into the spirit of the part. Mr. Shaw, in his stage directions, described this Devil as "in spite of an effusion of good nature and friendliness, peevish and sensitive when his advances are not reciprocated . . . clever and plausible, though perceptibly less well bred than the two other men, and enormously less vital than the woman". All this Mr. McKinnel misses. He is Lucifer, Son of the Morning, and the meaning of his part can only be deciphered behind his rendering.

"The Man of Destiny", played immediately after "Don Juan in Hell", comes out rather badly. Never was Mr. Shaw so careless of form as when he wrote this little play. Not content with continuing the action long after all that matters is over and done with, he tacked on to it at the last moment a long speech which has nothing whatsoever to do with it or with the character of Napoleon. In itself the speech is amusing and interesting; but used as a device for prolonging a comedy of intrigue it is tedious: we are not attuned to receive it. Miss Irene Vanbrugh plays with much humour the part of the lady who outwits Napoleon. It is an excellent part for testing the capacity of a comedian; and I have no doubt that future actresses will, now and again, wish to exhibit in it their accomplishments. But for that, the play would vanish for ever to the shelves. No really intelligent actor, I conceive, ever wants to play Napoleon: he is too conscious of the impassable gulf between Napoleon and himself—a gulf which his make-up, and his folded arms and widely planted feet, and his trick of pinching people's ears, does but advertise unkindly. Mr. Dion Boucicault, who now plays Napoleon, is very intelligent indeed, and thus, though he bears up bravely, soon infects the audience with his own inward embarrassment.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB, AND
THE FRIDAY CLUB.

THERE is much to please at the New English Art Club, whose exhibitions now find a home in an upper chamber in Dering's Yard, off New Bond Street. There is much to please, because evidently most of the

exhibitors have found pleasure in their work. They have produced what they enjoyed producing. Mr. Tonks, for instance, has painted his sunny interior and its group of strolling players with keen and spontaneous zest, which communicates itself to us as we look at it, even before we have perceived the admirable skill with which the figures are arranged and brought together, and the harsh, unpromising notes of green and magenta harmonised in a bath of generous light. The little maid at the right, intently carrying a tray rather heavy for her hands, happily contrasts with the animated eyes and gestures, eagerly responsive to each other, of the seated man and woman. Mr. Tonks has added something of force and vivacity to the always dainty freshness of his art which makes this picture perhaps the completest, strongest work that he has given us. Mr. Steer sends some water-colour landscape sketches, but his chief contributions are two portraits of ladies; one—that of Mrs. Hammersley—a large full-length, which is seen under great disadvantages in the cramped and incommodeous conditions of the gallery. Mr. Steer takes what might be called a landscape view of humanity. He seems to have but little interest in character. In the larger of these two portraits the lady is seated in a park or garden under trees that show silvery in the breezy air. But what one expects to be the culminating interest in the picture, the painting of the lady's head, rather disappoints. It seems to have given him more trouble than the rest of the picture. I think the reason that it does not tell more is that the foliage and the dress are painted with such completeness up to the edges of the canvas. Mr. Steer has denied himself the emphasis of any arbitrary shadow, but if the picture gains in naturalness and outdoor freshness of effect, it is at a certain cost. And after all, is there not a certain arbitrary blurring behind the head? The other picture, called "The Beaver Hat", has the same pleasant outdoor English feeling, and is also in a light key of colour, happily carried out, though here again I do not feel that Mr. Steer has quite the felicity and confidence that he has shown in landscape.

It is to Mr. Rothenstein that one turns for the intellectual interest that, it must be confessed, his fellow-members of the club exhibit in too limited a degree. In the Jewish worship Mr. Rothenstein has found a subject of great capabilities and sympathetic interest. He has painted already two very fine Jewish pictures, "Aliens at Prayer" and the "Mourners in a Synagogue", which now holds its own so well in the Tate Gallery, though the red wall on which it hangs does much injury to its colour. His newest painting in the same line is a worthy companion to the series, though rather less interesting; for the subject does not give the same opportunity for concentrated emotion as the praying or lamenting figures of the two canvases just mentioned. Perhaps an apter treatment would have been to place these meditative figures farther back in the picture, so that the surroundings and enveloping atmosphere should have counted for more in the effect. Mr. Rothenstein will remember Rembrandt's treatment of such subjects, especially in his etchings; how wonderfully he varies his design, the relation of the figures to the space both in scale and in position, how potently, too, he uses the lights and glooms of the synagogue interiors.

The New English fashion for a kind of Mid-Victorian genre still prevails, and has become rather trite. To Mr. MacEvoy, however, this vein is really congenial and personal. Everyone interested in English painting of to-day and to-morrow should visit the separate exhibition of this artist's work which is now at the Carfax Gallery. Mr. MacEvoy shows there more range than many will have suspected. In his landscapes there is a great sensitiveness to beauty and poetic variety of mood. He may be destined some day to fill a place in our art something akin to that of Fantin in French art. He knows his own limits, and never paints for display, though he can paint a head with a sureness of quiet power that would lead most of his contemporaries into parade. There is delightful clean painting in his "Ursula", a lady warming her hands at a fire, in the exhibition at Dering's Yard. Of the New English Art Club, as a whole, one might not unreasonably complain

that the members know their own limits rather too well; they might, without painting for display, show a little more superfluous energy and attempt bigger themes than they do. Mr. John, with his extraordinary gifts, is capable of anything, and I still hope that we shall get from him work to match those gifts. This summer we have only drawings; but these, to my mind, show an advance. At least the two whole-length studies (Nos. 19 and 25) show a kind of tenderness and depth to which we have not been accustomed. Rossetti would have admired them; they have something of his mood. These drawings make the dashing colour-sketches by Mr. Sargent hanging by them look unpleasantly ostentatious. Mr. Sargent also sends two small oil pictures, one of which is a very brilliant exercise, while the other makes the marble of "The Salute" look as if covered with some horrid patent preparation, and is really less interesting than a photograph. There are a number of good landscapes by Mr. Russell, Mr. Muirhead, Mr. Von Glehn, Mr. Gore, Professor Brown and others. Mr. Mark Fisher is as excellent as ever in his own familiar line. But to me the most interesting landscapes are those by Mr. C. J. Holmes, who realises that it is not enough to get Nature into a corner and match her effects on canvas. Modern painters in their pursuit of light and tone in landscape easily lose hold of form. (Mr. Steer's portraits surely owe some weakness in this respect to his landscape practice.) Mr. Holmes turns instinctively to the mountains with their definite lines. His "Red Ruin" shows the wholesome influence of that giant in landscape, Hokusai. But in this there is something experimental, while in the "Jura" (No. 129) and "Near Leeds" (No. 149)—both badly hung—there is real mastery of material, and much beauty both of mood and of actual handling. Mr. Glyn Philpot is a young artist whose "Entombment" (No. 132) may or may not promise a future. It shows great skill, and sense for the beauty of pigment, but is entirely external in conception, and in execution depends almost wholly on Mr. C. H. Shannon, too personal an artist to follow so closely. Mr. Gregory is another young painter whose contribution (No. 142) makes us interested in his future.

There are two ways of developing for an artist. One is for him to start with prolonged study of Nature, afterwards working out a style of his own; the other to start with a passion for style and gradually to fill in with matter. The orthodoxy of to-day prescribes, I imagine, the former method; yet the latter has its advantages, and I believe in the present state of art it is likelier to bear good fruit. Mr. Holmes is on this line of development, and his art is growing, while those who put their faith in observation and Nature soon get overwhelmed by the mass of things they observe. Mr. Neville Lytton is also a painter who began with a passion for style, and who is now filling out what was inclined to be jejune with the result of closer study. He is prominent in the Friday Club—not, I believe, so called because its members paint fasting, though there is a Lenten air about some of their exhibits which might lend colour to the suggestion. The Club shows its pictures and drawings in the old Hall of Clifford's Inn, a pleasant place; and the exhibition ought to be seen. For here is a little group of artists who have determined ideas of their own. They are in revolt from the current fashion. They are all against the pedantries of naturalism; and in recoil from the prevalent indifference to beauty of surface and the capacities of the medium employed, they are immensely interested in the details of technique. Mr. Roger Fry, who exhibits at Clifford's Inn, tells in the June "Burlington Magazine" of his attempts, in conjunction with Mr. Lytton and Mr. Gaskell, to get a paper made which should have the texture of the paper used by Girtin. Many will think this a vanity, and will condemn the archaism of Mr. Fry's and Mr. Gaskell's drawings. But in art we must be always harking back to pick up something that has been lost by the way. Mr. Fry is quite right in contending that we suffer, especially in water-colour art, from redundancy of material. Still, it will not do to become doctrinaire in any cause; and I think Mr. Gaskell, for instance, will not stop always where he is. He is in a phase when he

is pursuing certain delicate qualities at all costs ; doubtless an excellent foundation. But he must not be too much afraid of colour ; I hope he will go on to add more life and matter to his art. It is interesting to find at Clifford's Inn a young French artist, M. Geoffroy, showing water-colours inspired by the best of our early English school, but with a difference and a style of his own. Some of these drawings are quite beautiful. Mr. Lytton's picture, "The Three Graces", is very interesting. There is a stage when problems of technique engross an artist (doubly so now, when all traditional knowledge has been lost), and this leads to a certain coldness and lack of ease which are perceptible in this picture of Mr. Lytton's. He completes his figures piece by piece ; they want organic life. (Some slight trace of this weakness is visible too in his portrait drawing of Mr. Tovey, which is a fine work.) But though we crave for more glow and rhythmic energy, there are passages of real beauty in the picture, and above all there is a sense of individual choice, and a kind of strangeness, an unlikeness to other people, which mean more than accomplishment. I can only mention Mrs. Darwin's drawings, strong in charm of style, if relying too much on the first inspiration, Mr. Rich's water-colours, and Mr. Albert Rothenstein's able studies. Besides the modern work, a few Girtins of the finest kind, two beautiful portraits by Watts, and one of Cotman's rare oil-pieces, are on loan in the exhibition.

LAURENCE BINYON.

A CRITIC.

THERE is just the old cottage in the meadow. Touched by every wind that blows across the valley, it has stood for some two hundred years. Unlike the superficial modern cottage, it was made to face the centuries alone, without shelter from Nature or from man. It is not that smug, dependent cottage which shelters under a wing of the down, or humbles itself to the dominating care of trees ; it stands just in the middle of a meadow, proudly independent, surrounded by the vacant valley, with nothing to save it from the storm ; as though the men who built it two centuries ago had been so conscious of their skill that they had felt a sturdy disregard of Nature and had put up not only a cottage but a monument to man. It is as much an expression of man's egotism as the more ambitious cathedrals of the world. There is the same striving after independence, not of course so daring an invasion of the sky, but the same contempt of Nature's antagonism and the same trust in her goodwill. There is perhaps even more of the true insolence of architecture. The builders were quite careless about science ; there is no attempt at economy of space or material ; no offensive suggestion of plans or tracings or the like—just the large, irregular, disjointed rooms covered with a thatched roof. And the cottage has proved worthy of the egotism and the pride of its builders. Its old oak beams are nearly as sound as when they were put in, and its walls and chimneys have resisted the attack of the rain and the irresponsible wind. There, in the middle of the meadow, swept by the winds of the vacant valley, it stands, a little gaunt perhaps, but picturesque, and still, even in its old age, almost contemptuous.

And now of the people who live in this cottage. It was not built for them, and they do not seem quite worthy to live in it. You may say that the cottage is an anachronism, and that it is not worthy of a twentieth-century family ; but if you put the two—the cottage and the family—side by side you will know which century to regret. Dissatisfied, feeling their loneliness, and yet without any dignity of protest, they live from day to day and grumble at the quiet. The country bores them, and, what is worse, it frightens them. For it requires more courage, more integrity of character to live in the country than in the town. It is no small ordeal to be alone with Nature. She is not to be relied on, and, like a woman, she always keeps you in suspense. In the town you can have a cheerful feeling of dependence—dependence, say, on the police, 'bus-drivers, and lamp-lighters. A storm is nothing in

a town. You are not alone with it, and you feel that at the critical moment the police would interfere. But in the country you cannot have this restful feeling of dependence. As you walk along the faint footpath through the meadow you might be the first or the last man ; there is no soothing official handy, no one to ask you for a ticket, but only the great enthusiastic sun, the valley, and the bare horizon of the downs. So it is that in the country men are afraid and superstitious. It is easier, they will tell you, when you look out of your window at night to appreciate the tread of a policeman's boots than the sweetest song of a nightingale. Life controlled by Nature is more of a responsibility than life controlled by an urban council. You are forced into intimacy with Nature and with God—the passionate commonplaces of life—and there are the sunsets and the storms.

Therefore the people who live in this Sussex cottage are disappointing. They have lost the sturdy egotism of the builders of the cottage ; they have been badly treated by the end of the nineteenth century ; they have lost their nerve in a world of motorists, education and patent medicines. The cottage worries them. Knowing that generations have lived in it, they feel they ought to be content, but they frankly hanker after a less angular room, something that would go better with their prints of the Royal Family, their oleographs, their wedding groups, and their presentation supplements. It is impossible, they say, to furnish the cottage. They have done their best. They have whitewashed some of the oak beams and covered the others with paper. But still the place irritates them ; they feel to some extent its criticism ; just as you feel the criticism of an old cathedral. The doors irritate them. They were made for a hardy race, and they let in draughts. And the diamond-paned windows ; they, too, let in draughts which twentieth-century children brought up on fractions and some French succumb to.

They are quite frankly bored. The father is the most cheerful. Not yet old and still sentimental, he makes the best of what he calls a bad job. It is good to watch him ploughing. Whistling an air from a light opera, with his head thrown back, and the wind and sun playing on his bare arms and neck, he walks behind his plough from one end of the field to the other ; and when he gets to the end stops whistling for a moment and says things only intelligible to his horses, and soon is starting in a fresh track. A few gulls follow him, and there is nothing human in the flat miles round him except that on a ridge of the downs some miles away another man is silhouetted with his plough. So he spends his day, and he will tell you, if you ask him, that he "has had about enough of it time night comes". The fields and the footpaths make him melancholy. When he leaves the village for his cottage in the valley, and goes along the faint footpath through the meadows he has a distinct feeling of humiliation. Vaguely he sees in the footpath a symbol of his life—a life passed off the main track, away from the cheerful noise of humanity. He feels that he is an institution for the preservation of rural footpaths, and he would rather be a man than an institution. In common with all weaker minds he has a craving for monotony. He would like an arbitrary filling of his time. Having lost the spirit of adventure he does not care to take any initiative. He objects to the persistent changes of the country, and he would prefer the organised monotony of a town. He sees too much of himself, and he would prefer not to see himself until the evening. He does not want the town, so much as the main road and the noise. The footpaths and the silence depress him.

His daughter of eighteen will tell you that she often makes a noise to keep herself quiet, and she has a song for every domestic task. She has been to London as a kitchenmaid, and she had what she calls a good time. Then her mother died, and she came back to the cottage to take care of her father. She did not like coming back to the old cottage. When she got out of the train at the station a mile away, dressed in her town clothes, she had a feeling of disappointment. She felt she was going back too much, and the old familiar scenes offended her. Knowing that she had altered, she was puzzled by the absence of change around her. The

porter irritated her by using her Christian name when he said good morning, and when he carried her box across for her she gave him sixpence as solace to her pride. She was humiliated when he gave it back, saying he was glad to see her in the village. And when she got into the meadows and found herself on the too-familiar footpath she felt a vague repugnance. Picking up her skirt, as though she feared contamination, she walked with short affected steps, saying but little to her father striding nervously by her side. He made brave, obvious efforts to appear at ease, but failed, and soon gave way to small amiability. He would look sideways at his daughter and then contract his brows and start to walk a little quicker. She recognised the feeling and showed indignation by the upward tilt of her pretty, firmly-outlined chin. She did not like the stiles. Instead of half-vaulting them as in the old days, she tried to get over gracefully and gave one gloved hand to her impatient father. He tried to interest her in the old places, pointed out some birds'-nests and a meadow which she used to call her garden, and she was astonished and sorry because she found everything the same. But when the last stile was passed and they approached the cottage she began to feel its kindliness. After all, she was born there, and the cottage seemed to know it, and to call her back as would a mother. The girl was half-ashamed of her few tears as she opened the gate, but her father recognised their worth. And as they walked along the red-brick path together she put her hand on his arm and said simply she would take care of him. As the days passed she began to feel the kindly criticism of the cottage. Half-unconsciously she saw in its cracks and imperfections the stubborn lives of her forefathers. Gradually she became reconciled. Though at times she was conscious of a longing for a neat brick house with a knocker and a bell and the road outside, yet, on the whole, she was content—content with the criticism of the cottage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRICES AND THE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 Upper Grosvenor Street, W., 4 June.

SIR,—In your City article of 1 June you condemn in strong terms the recent issue of a serious warning by a high financial authority; and you say that "the fall in prices has no more to do with the Government than with the tides of the sea".

It seems to me that this statement is just as wide of the facts as it would be to say that the Government is wholly responsible for what is happening. For some time past a variety of causes has been operating to bring about the present state of affairs; probably chief among them the immense expansion of the world's trade, which has created so great a demand for fresh capital that borrowers have been forced to offer rates of interest attractive enough, not only to secure all available supplies, but to induce holders of existing securities yielding lower rates to exchange them for the new issues.

While this has been going on democracy, in many parts of the world, has been rapidly awakening to a sense of its own power, and is showing a determination to use that power by appropriating to itself a larger share of the fruits of its labour. The result of the last general election, though much exaggerated by the incidence of our electoral system, made this fact startlingly clear. Can it be denied that the whole trend of recent and prospective legislation prompted by the demands of labour constitutes a serious menace to property in general? Can any reasonable man, looking upon the political situation as a whole, doubt that it has created among holders of all classes of securities a feeling of distrust and apprehension so deep that, whether it be justified or not, it cannot have been other than at least a largely contributing factor in the present financial trouble?

Yours faithfully,

BORTHWICK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Leckhampstead, Newbury, 4 June, 1907.

SIR,—Surely the writer of your City article last week cannot be serious when he states that the fall in prices in such investments as Home Rails "has no more to do with the Government than with the tides of the sea". Two causes, among others, have helped to bring about the recent severe fall in Home Rail Ordinary stocks:

(1) The promise given to a deputation by a Cabinet Minister that, in the near future, the Government would introduce a Bill to compel the railway companies to lower their freight charges.

(2) The statement by a Cabinet Minister in the House of Commons that, if the railway directors did not speedily "set their house in order" by diminishing hours of labour and increasing wages, the Government would do it for them.

In consequence of these declarations, I myself and other investors whom I know have sold Home Rail Ordinary shares which we have held for many years. Surely the veriest tyro in finance must see that such statements, made by a Government commanding an immense majority, cannot fail to have an effect upon the price of such shares. I trust to your sense of fairness to insert this letter.

Faithfully yours, G. GILBERT BROWN.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD AND AGRICULTURE IN YORKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ditchingham, 5 June.

SIR,—Every investigator of serious subjects has knowledge of the anonymous and irresponsible chatter which often passes for criticism, and as general rule wisely leaves it alone. But the remarks concerning myself which were published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 1 June, from "a correspondent", appear to demand some answer owing to the standing of your journal if for no other reason.

This "correspondent" talks of my "late rapid survey in a motor car" of the Yorkshire Wolds, and states that my conclusions "come as a surprise to those whose acquaintance with the true conditions of agriculture in England is more intimate than his (i.e. than my) own". He adds that I summed up my judgment upon the Wolds of Yorkshire thus: "Agriculture on the Wolds is not dying, it is already dead."

Until about three weeks ago when I was travelling there on the business of the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion, I do not ever remember entering a motor car in Yorkshire. Nor can I identify the words quoted as to the death of agriculture in that county, and if I have written them at all, I think that it will be found that they are a quotation from the opinions of someone else. What I find I did write was "I take the fact to be, however, that in 1901 (the year of my investigation) on the whole the Wold farmers were rather more prosperous than those in many other districts."

It is possible that there are others whose acquaintance with the true conditions of agriculture in England is more intimate than my own. That is a point upon which I have no right to form an opinion; I can only say that none in my generation have investigated those conditions with more care or in greater detail.

Your correspondent adds that during my exploration of East Yorkshire I did not meet any of its landed proprietors with the exception of Mr. Strickland Constable. As a matter of fact, although here of course I may be wrong, I do not remember meeting a gentleman of that name, which I am unable to find in the somewhat elaborate index to "Rural England", or in an examination of the text, cursory I admit, since I have not had time to read through the whole of the ninety-eight pages devoted to Yorkshire in that work.

Perhaps your correspondent will kindly give me the reference. Also I shall be obliged if he will inform me who were the "two eccentric wealthy old brethren", notorious on account of their "lugubrious prophecies",

that according to him were the only tenant farmers I visited in the East Riding. I cannot recall them; all I know is that in the county of Yorkshire I saw a great number of individuals, landowners, farmers and others, whose views are recorded in "Rural England", none of whom to the best of my memory seem to fit in with this description.

It has occurred to me that your correspondent may be mixing me up with somebody else. This at any rate is certain—he should give chapter and verse for statements of so direct and serious a nature, over his own name for preference. These I await with interest.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE "FEDERAL" EDUCATION CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield, 3 June, 1907.

SIR,—It seems rather superfluous for a Federal Education Conference to discuss the interchange of teachers as between Great Britain and the Colonies while the tendency—in England at least—is to restrict the teacher to the area of the authority which has trained him.

FRANK J. ADKINS.

THE VINDICATION OF SIR RICHARD BURTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Camberwell, 4 June, 1907.

SIR,—By the last post there came to me a presentation copy of a book with the following title, "The Real Sir Richard Burton",* by Mr. W. P. Dodge, a barrister of the Middle Temple. So far, so good, and one rejoices to see what is good and true in the life of a man manfully defended, to the discomfiture of those impertinences which have not at all times discretion for a backbone. The author of this Life says, at page 43, that "Burton throughout his life was a moral man. Whether his morality was mental or temperamental matters little. The fact remains." And this is the extent of my perusal of this well-timed and elegant monograph of Sir Richard at this moment. At this juncture I must turn my thoughts backward to page 8 of this so-called "Real Sir Richard Burton", and for what purpose? Oh, simply this—I give the whole paragraph: "'The Life of Sir Richard Burton' (London, 1906), by Thomas Wright, is more of a criticism than a biography, and is a note-book, practically devoted to a discursive and abortive effort to prove that Burton did not rank as a translator with John Payne. Wright also absurdly states that Burton borrowed much of the material in his 'Arabian Nights' from Payne. The fact that this accusation was first made years after Burton's death, and after the death of Lady Burton, Miss Stisted, and Mr. Wilkins, speaks volumes. The puerile charge disproves itself. As a matter of fact, Burton had collected his material for the 'Nights' long before he met Payne, or before Payne had even thought of a translation."

I must now direct your attention to pages 227-8 of Mr. Dodge's book, for here we have at once a coup d'état with a violent ring about it coupled with a coup de grâce with so much beauty that it at once places a seal upon the lips of John Payne for evermore:—

"'The Thousand Nights and a Night' of the scholar, 'The Arabian Nights' of the man in the street.

"This was Burton's greatest labour: this showed him as a great translator, as a man of almost super-human knowledge—knowledge of Arabic and Persian, knowledge of customs, tribal rites, and Eastern ways, that leave him without a rival.

"His edition of the 'Arabian Nights' is far above all others, be they Scott's, Weil's, Payne's, or Lane's. The charge made by Wright in his so-called Life of Burton, that the Haji plagiarised from Payne—a charge which he endeavours to fortify by extracts in parallel columns from Burton's and Payne's editions of the 'Nights'—is ridiculous. Burton had no need to steal Payne's German inspired thunder. That there is some resemblance between certain long extracts is

undeniable, a necessary resemblance in Englishing the text. Indeed, Burton once said that Payne's choice of words was so good, he had made it hard for further translation [a good translation, especially in prose, must go more or less on similar lines. There are some very similar expressions in the 'Nights' that might lead to the highly improbable notion that Lane or Weil had copied from each other]. But if Burton owes anything to Payne through plagiarism, why is it that Payne's 'Nights'—which are all Payne's—have never ranked either among scholars or generally with Burton's? Why is Burton's edition the definitive edition? Burton's whole life, his long list of translations, forbids the belief that he owed more to Payne than to any Orientalist."

While Mr. Dodge makes the all-important assertion at page 8, above mentioned, I cannot but deplore the fact of his giving no evidence in proof for what he states; on the other hand the silence of John Payne is an exacerbation with men of letters highly calculated to increase irritation, if not violence.

I once had some very remarkable, if not extraordinary, letters from Sir Richard Burton, which would have thrown considerable light upon the subject of Mr. Wright's assertions; and while their nature was analogous with those of Mr. Thomas Wright's (who before he had ever seen me wrote a letter to me, saying, "I am proud to have made your acquaintance, and I really do love you from the bottom of my soul") I thought the fire the best place for them. I have preserved this letter of Mr. Wright's, dated 18 May, 1906. But other persons, Oriental scholars of ability, some of whom are in the flesh, had letters from Sir Richard upon the subject of the "Nights", dated about the year 1869, if I mistake not. This I know distinctly well, that Sir Richard had been in correspondence with a gentleman living at Manchester—who helped very considerably with the notes to the "Nights", over which the relations were in every way satisfactory—while the nature of Oriental studies generally requires a kind of "literary workshop" in which the workings up of Oriental ideas to "perfection" is a kind of *ne plus ultra*, if any sort of success with one's literary wares is desired. Lady Burton "kept the purse" and at one time she had in her pay some "twenty" or more "editors"—such was the magnitude of the labours of the Colossus Sir Richard Burton K.C.M.G. I have no desire to speak of myself, or I might write a good deal more about Sir Richard and his amiable lady, Isabel Burton.

RICHARD C. JACKSON.

GIRTON COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Girton College, Cambridge, June 4.

SIR,—May we venture once again to ask for space in your columns to bring before your readers an appeal from Girton College, urging our necessity for reducing the debt incurred by a much needed extension of the college some few years ago?

In 1904 a donation of £4,000 was promised by a parent of one of the students of the college, provided that an additional sum of £18,000 were raised by 1 July, 1907. The sums received up to April of last year having amounted to £4,500, the donor then generously advanced the first £500 of her promised gift, at the same time expressing her intention of giving another £500 when a second instalment of £4,500 had been collected. The amount at present received towards this second instalment only reaches £712. We are naturally, therefore, very desirous of finding £3,788 before 1 July. The interest on the building debt is a serious drain on our resources, and we would appeal to all interested in women's education generally to help towards placing the college in a better financial position.

Further particulars will be gladly sent on application to the Secretary, Miss M. Clover, 16 Devonshire Terrace, W., and contributions may be paid to the Bursar, Miss E. M. Allen, at the college, or to the Girton College account at Barclay & Co.'s Bank, Cambridge. E. E. CONSTANCE JONES, Mistress.

REVIEWS.

AN ITALIAN VERSION OF CÆSAR.

"The Greatness and Decline of Rome." By G. Ferrero.
2 vols. London: Heinemann. 1907. 17s.

HERE is the story retold of the fate of the Roman Republic and the career of Cæsar. We have our Mommsen for picturesqueness, daring theory and airy criticism; our Long, for patient detail without a single generalisation; our Greenidge, whose work covering just this century is unhappily left incomplete, whose early death is a deep loss to Oxford and to historical studies in more ways than one. But we ask in dismay, is each new writer to give us the whole well-worn series of facts anew? Must not the historian of a period so familiar presuppose a general knowledge? The student feels overwhelmed by the multitudinous presentation, and asks for air. The critic may still believe that in this busy and specialising age a volume of essays could have suggested the main outlines of his principles and lessons, without losing them in the wearisome medley of familiar detail. Surely the acute philosopher of history is not bound to reproduce the dramatic scene of Cæsar's murder, or explain in the manner of a classical dictionary the function of a dictator. If the most interesting century in our past is to be written and rewritten from various points of view and on this scale, it will be beyond the reach of all but a few to appraise or to understand it. It is essential that the new critic should use the shoulder of his predecessor, and still not claim to stand alone.

Yet the work of Signor Ferrero, to-day the foremost of Italian historians, is in a large measure justified. For he has something to say, though it is often hard to dig it out. He belongs to the newer school of historians, who trace not the conscious purpose of the hero, but the inevitable march of circumstances and tendencies. And these only the late-born critic can estimate from a secure vantage-ground. The insignificant part played by conscious purpose or human calculation, this is a theme to-day of poet and novelist and dramatist alike. Now it is the turn of the historian to take up the same melancholy view; Laocoön in the snaky folds. D'Annunzio, like Euripides, draws the tragedy of the man struggling incapable in the grip of passion. Ferrero shows the conflict of the old and the new forces working themselves out on the larger canvas of the Roman republic; using and casting aside the puppets who strut their parts and disappear, and he strikes his key-note forcibly in the preface. He conceives of the historian's task as an attempt to "find a clue to the immediate accidental and transitory motives which have pricked on the men of the past to their labours". "Human history", he tells us, "is the unconscious product of an infinity of small and unnoticed efforts. . . . No pilot can guide his ship up stream against the swirling rapids of the river of history." He speaks of Sulla's "lack of divine madness, of that almost mystical power of inspiration reserved for the greatest spirits, which somehow appears to embody in confused and unconscious form the vital instinct of our race as it presses onwards toward the future". And once again, at the close of the former volume: "The law of life was the same then as it has been in all ages. The great men were just as ignorant as their fellows of the historic work, of which they were to be at once the instruments and the victims. Like all other human beings, they were the plaything of what in history we can name Destiny."

Now this book practically contains nothing but a biography of Cæsar; and we have no difficulty in tracing the cause and the stimulus of the violent reaction to Fatalism. History during the eighteenth century had been largely the chronicle of persons and petty deeds of camp and palace, of selfish motives. Of silent movements which transform society there is no conception. Compare the masterly but unconvincing minuteness of Le Beau's Byzantine history with Gibbon; in the orderly sequence of events, in the patient carefulness (which is one needful quality at least) Le Beau is far ahead of our English writer, whose slipshod, ignorant and amazing chapter on the Eastern Cæsars is almost enough to condemn the entire work.

Yet he has what the Frenchman lacks; an eye for the great unconscious tendencies, for the drift of social forces and energies, for the secret causes which herald or effect the decay of a State. Hegel, familiar, it would appear, with the time-spirit and its purpose, and with the various contributions which the lesser race-spirits make to the parent, writes history *a priori*, almost out of his head, makes our beloved heroes the half-hypnotised spokesmen of a "Power not themselves", and contemplates with the fullest approval and satisfaction the steady march of the Deity, evolving himself to perfection, in the full self-consciousness of this new Mahomet. Two great writers, English and German, set themselves in some measure to oppose this mystical tendency, Carlyle and Mommsen. Both in measure reinstate the heroic figure as a real and conscious agent. To Carlyle, indeed, he is an inspired agent; but his purpose and calculation is not automatic: he controls circumstance, and is not merely the drifting puppet of the tide. And in Mommsen we have that extraordinary and misleading picture at the close of his history; "Cæsar, or the Apotheosis of the Perfect Man". Like a novelist who discreetly leads his characters to the hymeneal altar and no further, Mommsen says nothing of Cæsar's murder, the instant break-up of his system, the chaos which succeeded and rendered necessary a fresh remedy on very different lines. Now our professor is equally certain, from the same evidence, that Cæsar was a supreme opportunist, always following, never leading, devoid of all specific principle, a failure as a constructive politician, in a word the arch-destroyer! Between the two views it is hopeless to attempt a compromise; they are mutually exclusive. And each student, as he tends to Nominalism or to Realism, must make his choice for himself. The great statesman, with his hand on the helm and his eye on the star, gives place to a timid voyager in an oarless boat drifting down a stream. Ancient writers loved to recall the omens which attended the birth of someone destined to wear the purple; and to trace in early years the hints and intimations of steadfast purpose. It was (Ferrero would tell us) in deference to this love of the marvellous and mythical that Mommsen told his hero's life, as a kind of story for children, by the triumph of perseverance and single-hearted resolve. But (he would continue) this career of Cæsar was nothing of the sort: he was a genius in art, in letters, in character; driven on by an "inexorable destiny which dogged him all his days" into the one unsuitable calling, that of the statesman. He might, like Lucullus or Atticus or Mæcenas, have looked on at a conflict he was powerless to avert or to guide—"live very happily in retirement and indite books on philosophy". Strange and ironic advice indeed he tends to one whose very name survives to-day as the zenith of human power, as the triumph of deliberate constitution building! His three great political aims were errors in judgment and failures in effect; he did not reconstruct the democratic party, his imperialism led to his unwilling death-struggle with Vercingetorix and the disgrace of Carræ; his projected conquest of Parthia led immediately to his own death. He was driven to the revolutionary measures of his consulship; forced to the annexation of Gaul; forced too to the civil war, from which, himself incredulous, he emerged with unexpected and almost unwelcome success. "Victory left him in a painfully difficult position." He was left ostensible master of the Roman world, but placed between two impossible alternatives, two hopelessly irreconcilable factions. Dreading the task of administering, almost single-handed, a "huge and disorganised empire", he attempted to "escape from the dilemma", to distract attention (as other monarchs before and since) by a bold crusade against the ancient rival of Rome. Not only did this lead at once to a coalition against the Dictator; but (in the eyes at least of Ferrero) the whole scheme was a "fantastic illusion". "He had been an opportunist all his life, entirely engrossed in the question of the hour." To sum up: "His mission was primarily destructive—to complete the disorganisation and dissolution of the old world, both in Italy and the provinces, and thus make way for a stabler and a juster system."

Such is the very complete reversal by the Italian of the current verdict. His aim is to give us what he

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conceives to be the motives and purpose of the supposed "actors" in an historical drama; and, in close contrast and cynical irony, the real significance and final outcome of their actions. The duty of history is no longer, as with Professor Froude, to "find noble characters and to pay them ungrudging honour"; but the dispassionate dissection of chattering automata. It was no use to try to arrest the decay of Republican Rome; let the men of sense stand by like Lucullus, who spent his serene latter days in his gardens on the Pincian Hill "looking quietly down from his refuge over the turmoil of the great city at his feet". Let the madness work itself out; it is useless to interpose. The zeal of the reformer, the sympathy of the lover of justice, is alike futile. Whatever end Destiny has in store, that will come about whether or not we offer ourselves as fellow-workers. Not that the course of history is altogether accidental and indecipherable: there are tendencies to be seen working; but they are not moral, they know nothing of our justice, and they pay scant heed to the individual. The militant agricultural peasant, ruled by a worthy aristocracy; that ideal gave way when Rome became an empire. The two ideals of public duty and of selfish time-serving fought and had to fight to a finish. Cæsar interposed and wrought nothing; Augustus succeeded because the field was clear, the combatants dead or wearied of the fight. We shall be curious to see what treatment the professor will mete out to Octavianus Augustus.

DIAMONDS—WITH PASTE.

"The Pocket Book of Poems and Songs." Compiled by Edward Thomas. London: Richards. 1907. 4s. net.

AT the preliminary glance—first at the index and then the body of the book—one may question whether Mr. Edward Thomas' collection will much appeal to the kind of man whom the "Golden Treasury" appeals to. Mr. Thomas mixes up, for one thing, his immortals and his mortals in a way that makes us somewhat unhappy. We may—possibly—tolerate the juxtaposition of Thomas Hardy and George Herbert; for one thing it is curious and suggestive; but Sir Philip Sidney cheek by jowl with Mr. A. Noyes, and Mr. Belloc—the robustious swiller off of beer—sandwiched between Keats and Wordsworth, with Shakespeare and Milton in almost the same bar—we cannot reconcile ourselves to such association. Perhaps we are jealous for the dead poets, or perhaps kinder than Mr. Thomas is towards the living ones; whatever the reason, Mr. Belloc, we feel, and Mr. Noyes, and Mr. Housman would be more comfortable and more readable in each other's company than with Shakespeare and with Shelley. Nor can we quite understand on what principle or what fancy Mr. Thomas has acted in choosing as his selections from Tennyson "Mariana" and "The Lady of Shalott". "Mariana" is not very suggestive of the open air at any rate; it smells more of the sepulchre. He can hardly select them as the least hackneyed things in Tennyson, or as the finest. Popular they probably are, but not exactly popular with the minds to whom Mr. Edward Thomas naturally appeals. "Mariana"—good though it be—would be vastly liked, for instance, with people who like Mr. Marcus Stone. One can only suppose that this choice is whimsical. Mr. Thomas' true taste, which rarely if ever gravely errs in literature, is better seen in the selections from Clare, Herbert, Vaughan, and from Cowley. With arrangement and choice that could not be bettered, he gives us Herbert's "Virtue" followed by Cowley's poem beginning "This only grant me". Many will be glad to have Cowley's exquisite little poem, which, we think, appears in very few if in any books of poetic selections. It is one of the gems of all English verse. Mr. Thomas also re-introduces us to Logan's "Cuckoo", a great favourite in early years; but we are disappointed by it now: there is too much poetic stuff in it: its value is that it is truly felt. "Clare's Desire", though, what a lovely bit of verse this is! Poems such as these make a book well worth buying. We can see that Mr. Thomas has

not flung his selections together in a hurry and rattled off a five-pound introduction after the usual manner. He has been many months, no doubt, choosing his bits; and they represent the reading of years. A touch of quiet distinction is felt throughout the volume. Only it is a pity that it was necessary to be "up-to-date" and include so many verses by living men; they will not stand the terrible test of comparison—which the book cannot help inviting—with men like Cowley and Herbert.

"They sell good beer at Haslemere
And under Guildford Hill

But the swipes they take in at the Washington inn
Is the very best beer I know."

We may not object to the spectacle these lines call up, of a dusty cyclist wiping his mouth—or perhaps his "mug" would go better after "swipes"—after a pint of the right stuff; and the lines in their way are capital, full of careless, rollicking spirit; but the bard hardly wrote them with an eye on posterity. They ought surely to be parted from Cowley and Herbert by book shelves; and they are barely parted by pages.

THE HEALTH OF LONDON.

"The Sanitary Evolution of London." By Henry Jephson. London: Unwin. 1907. 6s. net.

THIS book is the outcome of the author's service on the London County Council, on which he worked well in the cause of public health. He has been led by his duties and opportunities to study the history of sanitation in the metropolis. It is not a long history. In 1830 Londoners had neither an idea of hygiene nor administrative machinery for ensuring it. London and all England took pretty much the same view of sanitation as met Tom Thurnall in Aberalva. It needed the Great Fire of 1666 to expel the Plague from the City of London; and even in 1774 the Building Act was aimed more at safety from the cleansing agency of fire than at providing adequate light and air and ventilation in streets and buildings. At the beginning of the nineteenth century nothing but an epidemic of cholera secured a general clean-up; and such a thing as a local sanitary authority can hardly be said to have existed. There was the old organised Corporation of the City; but round it a ring of villages became or becoming great towns with hardly even village organisation. In 1817 Michael Angelo Taylor introduced a Bill which deals mainly with paving, but to some small extent with nuisances in streets. Under that and other Acts there were crowds of petty authorities dealing with this, that and the other branch of municipal business, "jostling, jarring, unscientific, cumbrous and costly"—in the last respect they do not differ from their successors—and as little known to the rest of the community as if they were, as indeed they were, the powers of darkness.

They met and dined and jobbed and rated and muddled each within its little sphere—rarely, if ever, even covering the whole area of a parish—a Bumbledom supreme. The result was that London was not properly sewered nor drained and that the brooks which ran through it were polluted: that every Londoner's house was his castle, built over his own cess-pit and poisoned thereby: and that slums existed which are now to be found only in the medical reports from which Mr. Jephson has culled.

The first real step to produce order out of chaos was the creation of the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1855 to deal with the main sewers of London and to administer the law as to buildings: and the substitution of corporate vestries and boards for the colluvies of former petty authorities. These creations, both much decried, did a great deal of the work which has made London the healthiest of modern cities. The Board of Works carried out the system of main sewers, into which London is enabled to drain through the local sewers constructed by the vestries, and ultimately under pressure so disposed of the sewage as to relieve the Thames of its old duties as the common sewer of London.

The County Council, be it said, during late years has soared high above such humdrum and inconspicuous necessities as main sewers and has neglected the sanitary evolution of London in this important respect: so that some of the local authorities whom Progressives belittle have had to threaten, and even to take legal proceedings against, the central body for default in its primary duty. Perhaps the most important provision in Sir Benjamin Hall's Act of 1855 was that every authority should have a medical officer of health, who was obliged to make a report annually on his district. We believe that the great stimulus to improvement in sanitation has been the efforts and reports of these medical officers. For fifty years now they have preached, in season and out of season, against the multifarious forms of unhealthy conditions and environment which affected their districts. It was no easy task: some were discouraged by the hostility or apathy of their employers; but many worked on devotedly, and as the facts about their districts were placed on record the Home Office and the Local Government Board in time began to stir up the local authorities. But it was not until 1891 that London had a really modern and adequate sanitary code, and that the gates of the Londoner's castle could no longer be shut against the invasion of the forces of public health. Like most codes this was not the result of popular agitation or interest, but was the conjoint product of the Central Government and the labours of hygienic experts. It gave to the County Council, created in 1889, a kind of supervisory authority over the local authorities which it has used mainly in the gathering of statistics, and the making of general by-laws as to certain matters of sanitary concern. The late Lord Ritchie is responsible both for County Council and the Health Code, as Mr. Balfour is for the next change in London, the creation of the Borough Councils in 1900. At the present time the sanitary administration of London is better than ever it was before. There is and always will be some latent hostility to elaborate hygiene. It is costly for the ratepayer and for the individual who is made to improve his property, and inconvenient to the tenant by reason of surveillance and inspection; and real as is the gain to health and comfort, it is less obvious than the attendant expense and inconvenience. But notwithstanding all this there is now even keenness for improvement in seeking to check infantile mortality and to ensure the cleansing of the dwellings and even the persons of the poor. Indeed the administration is a good deal ahead of the instincts and habits of many of its "chers administrés".

The history of this growth is well and very fully stated by Mr. Jephson, who has done well to present the facts of each epoch vividly by means of extracts from the startling reports of the medical officers. His book will be found well worth study by those who wish to learn what need there was for improvement fifty years ago and what need there is still. But in praising a valuable work we must express doubt if not dissent from some of his conclusions. He is evidently convinced that the government of London should be more centralised and the County Council be ever more and more and the boroughs less and less. London is not yet by any means an organic whole, and many of its districts are less known to the inhabitants of other districts than are Norway or Monte Carlo. The business of municipal administration is very largely of detail and depends on the actual supervision of the elective councillors. Such supervision would be absolutely impossible for the members of the County Council; and if there were but one municipal authority in London, it would be swamped by its work, governed by its chief officials, and elected by its wage-paid servants. We would prefer to be governed by an Indian viceroy with a select staff of his best Indian officials. The police of London is so governed already; and perhaps some day, if local government is tried and found wanting and condemned as amounting to a mere right to misgovern locally, we shall be able to complete the sanitary evolution of London by handing its final stages over to an autocratic committee of medical officers and Indian civilians.

THE ORIENT OLD AND NEW.

"The Sculptures and Inscription of Darius the Great on the Rock of Behistūn in Persia." Printed by Order of the Trustees of the British Museum. London: Longmans, Bernard Quaritch, &c. 1907. 20s.

"Late Babylonian Letters." By R. Campbell Thompson. London: Luzac. 1906. 15s.

"Umayyads and Abbasids." Being the Fourth Part of Jurji Zaydān's History of Islamic Civilisation. Translated by D. S. Margoliouth. London: Luzac. 1907. 5s.

"The Pearl-Strings: a History of the Resuliyā Dynasty of Yemen." By El-Khazrejīy. Translated by the late Sir J. W. Redhouse, and edited by E. G. Browne and others. Vol. I. London: Luzac. 1906.

THE first book on this list is worthy of the British Museum and the best traditions of English scholarship. No pains have been spared in its production, and paper, print, illustrations, and general appearance are alike excellent. So, too, are the contents, which embody the results of a special expedition sent by the Trustees of the British Museum to make a final examination of the great inscription of Darius at Behistūn, and entrusted to the capable hands of Messrs. L. W. King and Campbell Thompson. Rawlinson's squeezes of an inscription which had so much to do with the decipherment of the cuneiform characters had become considerably worn and injured, and there were many instances in which their testimony was uncertain; it was therefore desirable in the interests of learning that the work so ably performed more than half a century ago should be done over again with all the additional advantages gained by an increased knowledge of the characters and languages of the inscription, as well as the help of appliances which Rawlinson did not possess. The task of revising the text of the inscription and taking photographs, squeezes, and casts of it has now been performed, and so thoroughly that it need never be undertaken again. Assyriologists have at their disposal a text which is as perfect as human skill can make it, and they may rest assured that where it is defective the original is too hopelessly destroyed to be restored. Henceforward conjectural restoration must be confined to such portions of it as we now know with certainty are really lost.

The re-examination of the inscription was by no means an easy matter. It is engraved on the side of a cliff, and in places is almost inaccessible. Rawlinson made his first copies at the risk of his life, supported on rickety native ladders which were laid with difficulty over the precipice. Indeed for the squeezes of the Babylonian transcript of the inscription he had to call in the services of a wild Kurdish boy who, after clinging with toes and fingers to the almost smooth perpendicular face of the rock for a distance of about twenty feet, eventually made his way to a spot where he could drive in a peg and swing from a rope he attached to it. Taught by the experiences of his predecessor, Mr. King provided himself with crowbars and cradles; the crowbars were driven into the rock, and the cradles were suspended from ropes which could be raised or lowered by the natives stationed in charge of them. But even so, a certain amount of nerve was required on the part of the explorer who had to take his squeezes and carefully examine the cuneiform text while hanging in mid-air.

The inscription of Behistūn is the record bequeathed by Darius the Great to posterity of his accession to the throne of Persia and suppression of the revolts which threatened to dissolve the empire of Cyrus. One after another his rivals were overthrown and put to death with the merciless severity which characterised the age and the people. The empire of Cyrus was reconquered, and Darius was left free to organise it. His successes are piously ascribed to his god Ahura-Mazda; he it was who had brought help to the Persian king and enabled him to overcome all his adversaries. Portraits of the eight "pretenders" to the throne are given, with their names inscribed above them; to these a ninth portrait, that of the Scythian prince

Skunkha, was subsequently added after the close of the Scythian war. Darius concludes the record with an appeal to posterity to believe the truth of it, and calls Ahura-Mazda to witness that what he has written is the truth. At the same time he commits to the protection of his successors the six Persian nobles who had assisted him in overthrowing the Magian tyranny and placing himself and his family upon the throne.

The inscription was engraved on the side of a sacred mountain, where it was visible for a great distance to those who travelled over the plain below, and where moreover it was likely to suffer little from the hand of men. In this respect the provision of Darius was justified; what damage the inscription has received is almost wholly due to the infiltration of water through the surface of the rock. Unfortunately the injurious action of the water seems now to be proceeding at an accelerated rate; at all events several portions of the text are less legible than they appear to have been in Rawlinson's time.

The inscription was drawn up in the three chief languages of the Persian Empire—Persian, Babylonian, and Susian—and in the three systems of cuneiform writing peculiar to each. Like a modern Turkish pasha who has to promulgate an edict in Turkish, Persian and Arabic if he would be understood by all his subjects, the Persian kings found themselves obliged to draw up their public proclamations in the languages of their three capitals. To this fortunate circumstance we owe in great measure the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions. When once the simpler Persian original had been read, it was comparatively easy to decipher the Babylonian and Susian transcripts to which it furnished the key. The long Behistûn inscription with its numerous proper names was more than usually helpful, and the copying and verification of its text by Sir Henry Rawlinson fully justified his title of "father of Assyriology". Scholars owe the British Museum a debt of gratitude for having finally settled a text, which like the Rosetta Stone in Egyptology must always form the foundation and starting-point of cuneiform research.

The decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions has revealed to us a fact which to the historians of the last century would have seemed almost incredible. The ancient oriental world, whose script was cuneiform and language Babylonian, was exceedingly fond of writing letters. All classes and both sexes were engaged in a ceaseless correspondence, which begins before the days of Abraham and comes down to the age of the Persian kings. Thousands of letters in the cumbrous characters of the cuneiform syllabary exist in our museums, a very large number of which go back to about 2000 B.C. The latest collection at present known to us belongs to the period of Nebuchadrezzar and his successors.

Mr. Campbell Thompson's book contains translations of 248 letters belonging to this epoch. It must be confessed that they are not so interesting as the letters of an earlier date. References to political events are singularly absent, and the trivial matters referred to in them are seldom calculated to arouse our interest. There is about them, moreover, a somewhat wearisome monotony, which prevents them from throwing so much light on the social conditions of the day as they might have been expected to do. All deductions made, however, these epistolary records of the age of the Jewish Exile are well worth reading. They serve to enforce the lesson that human life is much the same at all times and in all places, provided it is led in a civilised community. Human wants and even the expression of them do not vary much.

The letters, like all others in the cuneiform script, were written on clay tablets, which were enclosed in a clay envelope bearing the address. There were already complaints that work was insufficiently paid. A brewer, for instance, writes to say that "after I have made forty-one casks of one-year-old beer and twelve casks of old beer in four months in the cellar adjoining that of Rimut-Bau, one mana of silver is too little". Another writer protests: "In the matter of the money which my father has sent, the money which has been paid for the dates is too little. Let my father speedily send two manas of silver in addition, or I shall gain

nothing on the transaction." The workmen were frequently paid in kind; sometimes, however, a lump sum of money was paid down, out of which the artisan was expected to find his own food. One letter casts a rather lurid light on the relations between the employers and employed. The writer states that a workman had gone blind, and that consequently his pay must be stopped and his place taken by someone else. Between the state of society reflected in this letter and the Workmen's Compensation Bill the distance is considerable. In another letter we are told that a strike is threatening, and for the very efficient, but very oriental, reason that the workmen had not received their pay. "All the stonemasons", it is said, "have been uttering discontent, saying: 'He oppresses us; none gives us our pay for the months Sivan or Tam-muz'. Let my lord command that they be paid, for they are growing very threatening."

Ladies, as might be supposed, appear among the correspondents. One of them was a careful housewife who impresses upon her husband to "put the meat which has been sent you into salt; but if you are not ready to do so give it to Nazir after the ninth day". Another is equally characteristic: "Why, pray, am I and my daughters to pass the time thirsting for a letter from you? Now gather your wits together and then, by Samas, observe! Why, pray, has Bel-uballit taken away all my dates? When I spoke to Bel-upahir about it he answered, 'See, your dates belong to Bel-uballit', but Bel-uballit has not given me back a single one. When I told them that the dates were our own produce they said to me, 'Get you gone, and speak to the son of Dakuru about it'. When I spoke to them a second time they said, 'Go away and call on the gods'."

Mr. Thompson has shown himself in this volume to be an excellent Assyrian scholar; indeed, judging from the language of the translations we should say that he knows Assyrian better than English.

Turning to George Zaydán's "History of Islam", Jurji or George Zaydán is the Syrian editor of the Arabic newspaper "Hilâl"—one of the many which are published in modern Cairo. He has long been a resident in Egypt, and his knowledge of European literature and historical methods has rendered him exceptionally well qualified to write a history of Islam. In Professor Margoliouth he has found an exceptionally well-qualified translator, and the Trustees of the Gibb Memorial were well advised in admitting a translation of the fourth volume of the history into their series. The period of the Umayyads and Abbasids is one of the most interesting in Mohammedan history; it was the period when the Arab empire of the Khalifs was organised, and political Mohammedanism received a stamp which it has never since lost.

The author has made full use of the poems and collections of anecdotes which characterise the early records of Islam. They serve better than any amount of learned disquisition to exhibit its spirit and character, and the essential savagery which underlay it. The Arab rulers of Islam had all the virtues and vices of the "noble savage", and the position in which they suddenly and unexpectedly found themselves brought all these qualities to the fore. It was only gradually that the Arab was displaced by the Persian, and a culture introduced which was not only foreign to the instincts of the fierce sons of the desert, but even hostile to their conceptions of the universe. Bagdad became the Capua of Islam.

While strictly fair to Abbasid rule, Zaydán does not conceal or gloss over its shady side. He has brought together a large mass of interesting facts which he has marshalled with skill and lucidity and woven into a vivid narrative. There is no other work which gives so complete and accurate a picture of the early days of the Khalifate, and the idiomatic English of the translator has made it unusually pleasant reading. The "general reader" will find it a book after his own heart, notwithstanding the earned appearance of the cover and the scientific auspices under which it has been published.

Redhouse was chiefly known as a Turkish scholar, and his Turkish Dictionary is an enduring monument of his eminence as a philologist. But he was also

familiar with Arabic, and among the papers he left behind was a translation of a unique manuscript now preserved in the India Office library and containing what little is known of the early history of Yemen. The history is so important to the student of the Mohammedan East that Professor Browne and his fellow-editors have conferred a boon on students by rescuing the translation from oblivion and including it in the Gibb Memorial Series. The book begins with an account of Yemen in the "days of unbelief", the fabulously long reigns of its sovereigns and the breaking of the great dam of Me'rib, but it soon passes on to the better known Mohammedan period. For this it is our best and chief authority. The first volume of the translation will be followed by another, and that again by three more, the last of which will contain the Arabic text.

NOVELS.

"John Glynn." By Arthur Paterson. London: Macmillan. 6s.

Writers on the subject of social reform usually deal with problems of the moment and the latest attempts at their solution, but Mr. Paterson elects in "John Glynn" to describe what we imagine to be a supposititious reform of some twenty years back in a district known locally as "the Nile", a haunt of thieves and boxers somewhere near Old Street. His hero is, as we need hardly say since he is called John, of the strong and silent type, a stalwart Yorkshireman with a Western American training. He works a speedy and amazing reformation among the "guns" and "bruisers" of "the Nile", but, unfortunately for would-be imitators, by methods not easy of universal adoption, as he is somewhat exceptionally equipped for the work of social reform. Not only has he a considerable fortune but he is a heavy-weight champion who can easily cope with the best professional efforts of "the Nile". The story is full of exciting incidents, fights, traps, elaborate schemes and amateur detective work. There is a slight love interest: John, true to his name, is obtuse until the very last chapter to the obvious devotion of the heroine and persistently tries to win her for his friend. The tone throughout is frankly and conventionally sentimental and emotional, and though "John Glynn" is a well-intentioned and even entertaining story, it can hardly be considered as a serious attempt to add to our knowledge of criminology or of the best methods of social reform.

"Abbots Verney: a Novel." By R. Macaulay. London: John Murray. 6s.

There have been many stories told of the heir in disgrace, in exile, and even disinherited—one of the oldest is in a parable which is familiar to all people—and it is a variant of that well-worn subject which has provided Mr. Macaulay with the base material for his novel. Colonel Ruth of Abbots Verney is at the opening of the story in charge of four grandsons; the youngest of these is the only child of his eldest, exiled and disgraced son, the other three are the children of his second son, an officer in the Navy. The Ruths' estate is in Westmoreland, the Colonel is a typical squire of the stern and unbending sort, and it is for the heirship of the property that the unconscious contest takes place. From the very moment that young Verney Ruth, aged ten, makes a bet in pence at the sheep-dog trials the reader knows that he is to run counter to all the old man's hopes and wishes. He does. His father is made an allowance so long as he remains abroad and does not communicate with Verney, but breaks the contract in both particulars and so further complicates the trouble. It is with Verney, with the effects of his temperament upon his life, that the author is mainly concerned—the grandfather and the father who had contributed opposing qualities to his character being subsidiary—and he is shown as finding gratification in getting the "second best" out of life. It is a clever story, depending for its interest on the subtle presentation of character.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"At the Works." By Lady Bell. London: Arnold. 1907. 6s.

Lady Bell records the experiences extending over thirty years of herself and friends of life amongst the iron workers of Middlesborough. She describes the usual operations of iron making for the information of those who have not lived in an iron district; but this, though interesting, is not the real subject of her book. It is essentially a social and domestic study of the working classes, very sensible and sympathetic and founded on real knowledge. It is a comparative study too, for Lady Bell shrewdly recognises that what are often treated as the peculiarities of the working classes are quite general in all classes and are only brought out or disguised by the plenteousness or scarcity of money. These ironworkers and their wives being poor are punished more severely for their vices or weaknesses, as drinking or gambling, or their ignorance and indifference to their health. There is really no special reason why the poor should be studied more than the well-to-do unless the inquiry be into the causes and remedy for poverty; and this Lady Bell does not undertake. Lady Bell's description is depressing, but so we suspect would be the realistic description of the households of many others than working men. What perhaps strikes one the most is that the women are the greatest sufferers in the working classes, not the men—but then many think this is so in all the strata of society. Theorists about population would do well to read Lady Bell's observations and comments on large and small families. The book is a very good one of its kind, but like the rest of such books it leaves the reader discouraged with painful questions to which there is no satisfactory answer.

"Forty Years in a Moorland Parish." By the Rev. J. C. Atkinson. London: Macmillan. 1907. 5s. net.

Canon Atkinson is chiefly known as the author of a boys' book on birds' nests and eggs, a little volume which many of us recall with affection because of its associations with bird-nesting days. It is not a book of striking literary value, as the author would have freely admitted, and we are glad that a new edition of his more important book from a literary point of view has been brought out. Canon Atkinson was undoubtedly all Mrs. Green claims for him: he was a scholar, patient and exact, and he was no mean thinker. Mr. George A. Macmillan has written for this edition an interesting memoir of Canon Atkinson with a few delightful extracts from his letters. Canon Atkinson once told us that in the prosecution of his duties in Yorkshire he believed he had walked over seventy thousand miles, and we notice he stated this in his preface to "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish".

We have received the fifth and final volume of Professor Breasted's "Ancient Records of Egypt" (Chicago University Press; London: Luzac. 1907), containing exhaustive indices to the whole work, and fitly concluding one of the best contributions that have been made to the scientific press of America.

THE JUNE REVIEWS.

The first number of "The Oxford and Cambridge Review" is admirable, its contents being equally varied and authoritative. The primary object of the review is to provide a common ground on which all who have the welfare of the two Universities at heart may meet for the discussion of what are called "academic politics". "Broadly viewed, the problems which confront Oxford and Cambridge to-day are the same: their solution in spirit and in outline must be the same". Mr. Oswald Royal Dawson, the editor, has no doubt been fortunate in securing a characteristic unpublished essay by John Stuart Mill on the limitations and nature of social freedom. It is like a breath out of the 'sixties, even the familiar italics by which the old philosophers and economists loved to emphasise their points being retained. Mr. R. W. Livingstone inquires how far education has influenced or contributed to success in administration, at the Bar, in Church and State. Mr. Arthur C. Benson contests a reviewer's assumption that introspective literature is better if optimistic rather than pessimistic. "When one is dealing with reflective books, the thing to look out for is, not if they are cheerful or mournful, but whether they are sincere." The Master of University College, Oxford, has "a few words in defence of the University of Dublin". Mr. W. Temple contributes a first article on religious life at Oxford as it affects the undergraduate, Viscount Wolmer enlarges on politics at the University and the advantages presented by the Union, the Ven. Archdeacon Cunningham urges Cambridge to do something more than she does now with the poll man—who, it is sometimes said, "pays for the honours man"—and Mr. J. L. Myres proposes a Bureau of Biometry, which should keep systematic note of the physique as well as mental abilities of the university man, as would be done with "a 'thoroughbred' of any other species". There are several other excellent articles in this new quarterly which must appeal strongly to all who retain their interest in "Varsity matters".

The work before the Hague Conference is explained sympathetically by Sir Thomas Barclay in the "Fortnightly

Review", and anticipated with an outburst of humanitarian enthusiasm by Mr. F. W. Hirst in the "Albany". Very different is the note sounded by Mr. Edward Dicey in the "Empire Review". Where Mr. Hirst considers that "in the whole sphere of politics there is perhaps no study more sublime than that of international law", Mr. Dicey denounces as "cranks and faddists" all "who believe in the utility of international discussions". Nor can Mr. Dicey discover what the partisans of "these international debating societies" propose to accomplish. Everybody is prepared to admit that humanity would benefit if there were never to be another appeal to brute force, but that ideal being out of the question it is incumbent on nations to take what steps they deem proper in their own defence. One of the aspirations of this cosmopolitan gathering is to secure immunity of private property at sea in time of war. Sir Thomas Barclay is of opinion that the expediency of Great Britain's agreement to the proposal would be dependent upon the circumstances of the particular war in which she was engaged—an admission which surely settles the matter. Mr. Hirst has no doubt that all trading vessels not carrying contraband should be exempt from capture or destruction. "Here is simplicity, common sense and justice. The present system has none of these virtues. It is complicated, stupid and unfair." What to Mr. Hirst is a simple matter, to the naval expert is an affair of life and death. Captain Mahan in the "National" and Mr. Julian S. Corbett in the "Nineteenth Century" set forth the strategical view. A haze of misunderstanding, says Captain Mahan, has been thrown over the subject by the ingenious though doubtless honest definition of maritime capture as the seizure of private property, and misconception is deepened by the fact that maritime capture "is the direct descendant of piracy". Captain Mahan contends that so far from the immunity being likely to prove "an amelioration" it would be an incentive to war by removing one of its evils—an evil striking at the whole belligerent community. "The capture of an enemy's property at sea, when in process of commercial exchange, is a weapon of offensive war." To the same purport writes Mr. Corbett. Our Navy is intended primarily for defence, but in certain circumstances it is intended for offence also. "We cannot make ourselves stronger for defence or for doing our part in preserving the peace of the world by casting away our most trenchant and well-proved weapon." Incidentally Mr. Corbett replies to those who argue that we are obstructing the march of civilisation for our own selfish ends by recalling the sacrifice we made in 1856 to the doctrine of "Free ships, free goods". "Can any nation show a sacrifice beside it?"

Not at the Hague alone is it necessary that the British back should be stiffened. Another Conference which has just been held has shown the readiness of the present Government to be the friends of every country except their own. Mr. Richard Hain in the "Fortnightly" writes quietly and judicially on the subject, though he cannot disguise some measure of disappointment. The "Albany" is naturally satisfied with the fruitfulness of the results obtained by the meeting of the Colonial Secretary and the Premiers, but the defence is hardly equal to the attack, either in cogency or vigour, delivered by the "National" and "Blackwood". Both denounce the attitude adopted by the Government towards the colonial proposals. "Our miscalled Imperial statesmen have so mismanaged the Conference", says the "National", "as to make Englishmen ashamed of living in this part of the Empire. If the United Kingdom has the Government she

(Continued on page 724.)

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deserves she must indeed be in the black books of Providence." In the opinion of "Blackwood" "When Mr. Asquith countered the serried arguments of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Deakin with the parrot-like repetition of pedant phrases, he offered them a superfluous insult. They visited England as men of business. They were received like children who had not mastered the rudiments of political or economic science." "Blackwood" contends that ever since Cobden put the Radical conscience in his office safe the Colonies have been looked at askance by the popular demagogue. Mr. Ian Malcolm's very able account of the "White Flag" incident in Jamaica—a simple story of surrender and the sacrifice of a valuable public servant, which cannot be read without shame—points one phase of this unfortunate tendency. Sir Alexander Swettenham's case is only an incident in the cumulative record of the Government's imperial blundering. In regard to the navy as to the colonies Cobdenism spells mischief. Mr. Carlyon Bellairs in the "National" laments the influence of the Cobden Club over a great party charged for a time with the interests of the navy; and a Naval Officer in the "Monthly", in a statement which loses none of its force because it is couched in temperate terms, shows why the new scheme of naval distribution has occasioned misgiving. "The effective strength of our real 'fighting force', which consists of our sea-going, fully-manned fleets, has been reduced by seven battleships and four armoured cruisers!" and the new scheme "sins against the teaching of history and strategy, which demands the concentration of forces in as few fleets as possible instead of its dispersion".

Ameer Ali in the "Nineteenth Century", dealing with the unrest in India, urges the Government first to restore order and confidence, then to take steps to bring about more sympathy between not only the official classes and the natives, but between Mohammedan and Hindu. The Bishop of Madras answers the question, "Are Christian Missions in India a Failure?" in the negative, explains some misconceptions, and asserts that the missionaries are bringing about a great social revolution in India which is paving the way for future progress and civilisation. Mr. E. B. Havell, taking the view that "no Anglo-Indian statesman has fully understood the administrative uses of art", indicates the significance of Swadeshi not the false Swadeshi which fosters sedition, but the true which preserves and promotes the native ideal in the arts and crafts, an ideal which modern machinery and misunderstanding has happily not destroyed. This thoughtful article on the relation of a people to their arts may usefully be read in conjunction with Mr. Felix Clay's essay in the "Monthly" on "Art as a Factor in the Struggle for Existence," and Mr. A. R. Orage's in the "Contemporary" on "Politics for Craftsmen"—a plea for the revival of the Guild system in the control of handicrafts.

Two articles in the "Contemporary" are intended to assist the friendlier relations of Great Britain and Germany, of which the visit of the English journalists is an earnest; Mr. V. Hussey Walsh in the "Fortnightly" is a fully qualified guide to the intricacies of Austrian politics; and an anonymous writer in "Blackwood" explains the working of the recent general election. In the "National" Mr. T. M. Healy writes in caustic vein of Mr. Gladstone's legatees: "Contempt for Irish opinion and distrust of Irish good sense exhale", he says, through every clause of the abandoned Council Bill. In the same review the alleged "shady bargain" with General Botha over the Transvaal loan is divulged, and Mr. Griffith Boscawen describes the "deplorable results" of Radical policy in the Transvaal and "the knock-down blow" struck at a rising British community. Three very suggestive papers in the "Fortnightly" are C. de Thierry's inquiry into the social and personal influence of the colonies in England in the past, Professor Stanley Lane Poole's reflections on the language and literature of Ireland, and an appreciative account of Mr. Bernard Shaw as critic, reformer and propagandist—an article diametrically opposed to a slashing attack in "Blackwood" under the title "Sham and Super-Sham". To "Maga" Mr. Shaw is an "ideal Polytechnic playwright". Mr. R. A. Scott-James in the "Contemporary" declares that while our politicians have failed to create a true political democracy, at least the democracy of letters has become an accomplished fact; and in the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. A. G. Hyde has a delightful skit on "Reviewers and Reviewed" as illustrating the new culture. Vergil's birth is the subject of an article in the "Albany" by Mr. A. W. Verrall, whilst someone in the "Monthly" contributes a blank-verse poem called Vergil's "Dying Soliloquy".

Mr. Henry Lowenfeld in the "Financial Review of Reviews" traces the decline of railway and other securities largely to the demands of labour, which he does not necessarily consider improper, though they are a factor to be taken into account when money has to be invested. He suggests that the most effective way of protecting capital is to spread investments over various countries, so as to minimise the effect of any sudden triumph of labour at any particular investment centre.

For this Week's Books see page 726.

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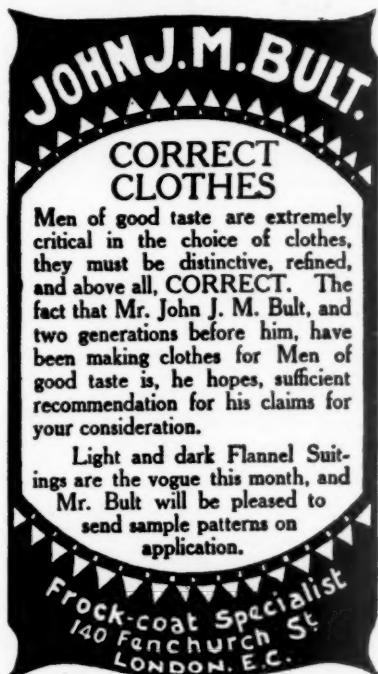
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time for making such deposit until the 20th June instant, inclusive.

NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING.

HE Annual Meeting of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society was held on June 5 in the Head Offices, Surrey Street, Norwich. The President, Mr. Haynes S. Robinson, was in the chair, and among those present were:—Sir Peter Eade, Mr. T. C. Blofeld, Mr. G. M. Chamberlin, Mr. J. J. Winter, Major F. A. Cubitt, Mr. G. H. Morse, Mr. M. Falcon, and Dr. S. Barton (Directors), Mr. J. J. W. Deuchar (General Manager and Actuary), Mr. W. T. Hartcup (Solicitor), Mr. Davidson Walker (Secretary), Mr. M. M. Lees (Assistant Secretary), Mr. W. G. Cooper (Assistant Actuary), and Messrs. C. E. Noverre, A. Ranson, Leathes Prior, W. H. Back, G. J. Skipper, A. W. Preston, W. J. Joseph, W. H. Tuck, W. H. Anderson, C. J. Muriel, J. B. Aldis, H. J. A. Corsbie, Lionel Ballard, J. B. Forrester, C. A. Bathurst Bignold, George Clark, W. Finch, S. Fisher, W. Machin, H. S. Reeve, G. H. Whitelaw, and others.

Mr. Deuchar read the annual report as under:

ORDINARY LIFE BUSINESS.—The proposals received during the year numbered 7,587 for £5,052,672, of which 648 for £907,840 were declined or not completed, while 6,739 policies were issued, insuring £4,144,832, and carrying new premiums of £300,518. These figures are again considerably in excess of anything previously achieved by the society in one year. The corresponding ordinary life insurances for 1905 were £3,283,890, with premiums of £149,544.

LEASEHOLD AND CAPITAL REDEMPTION INSURANCES.—In addition to the above, the society received the sum of £40,896 18s. as premiums for leasehold and capital redemption insurances completed during the year.

The income for the year was £1,284,566 13s. od., and the expenditure (including a provision for every outstanding claim) £611,516 10s. 8d. The difference, £673,050 3s. 1d., constitutes the increase in the funds, which at the close of the year amounted to £6,760,918 9s. 1d. This is the largest addition the society has ever been able to make to its funds in one year. The interest, dividends, &c., received during the year amounted to £291,207 8s., which, excluding an item of £23,060 10s., profit on securities, shows a net return on the mean funds, including all unproductive assets, of £4 5s. 3d. per cent., after deduction of income tax. The amount of the Scottish Imperial Fund at the close of the year was £661,072 0s. 2d. making a total for the two funds of £7,421,990 10s. 1d.

During the year 554 policies became claims by death, and 234 by survival, the total amount payable by the society in respect thereof being £289,666 7s. 2d., exclusive of £45,504 18s. ad. of bonus additions. These amounts have been shown by the usual mortality investigation to be less than the amount expected by £18,633.

The Directors have to record with much regret the death during the year of their colleague, Mr. W. H. Hackblock, in whose place they elected Dr. Sam Barton. Dr. Barton's election is now submitted to the members for confirmation, as well as the re-election of Mr. J. J. Dawson Paul. At the present meeting it is also necessary to elect three directors, in room of Messrs. T. C. Blofeld and J. J. Winter, and Major F. Astley Cubitt, who retire by rotation, under Article 21 of the laws and regulations, and who, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

It is necessary at the present meeting to elect auditors for the current year, and to fix their remuneration. The retiring auditors, Messrs. J. B. Aldis and Adam Turquand Young, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

The directors have special pleasure in reminding the members that before the next annual meeting the society will have completed the tenth year of its existence, and though they do not propose on this occasion to make more than a passing reference to the fact, they would venture to make a special appeal to the members, agents, and all interested in the society, to do their utmost during the current year to assist the officials in making the results worthy of the occasion. The directors are confident that a perusal of the appended synopsis of special schemes introduced by the society will indicate to the members various forms of insurance of which they or their friends may be glad to take advantage, every effort having been made to meet all modern requirements in the direction of insurance and investment.

The President moved that the report be received and adopted. He said: There are many reasons why the directors should feel special pleasure in placing this report before you, and only one (the loss of another of our colleagues during the year) which could cause regret. Once more (and it is the twenty-first time in succession, itself a somewhat remarkable fact) we are able to record a large increase in the annual business, and the largest amount ever transacted by the Society. It is a little difficult to realize at a meeting like this what these large annual increases mean, and what extent of steady growth and strenuous work they indicate, but I may say by way of illustration that the increase of 1906 over the new business of 1905 is about four times the total new business of 1886; in fact, it is not too much to say that during the last twenty years the society (by reason of its wide connection with the thrift of the people) has come to be regarded as one of our most important and reliable national institutions. Certainly four millions of new life business with £200,000 in annual premiums shows a amount of confidence on the part of the public, of which we have every reason to be proud, and these figures, as you have been told, do not include a large amount of capital redemption and annuity business which was also completed during the year. The quantity of new business transacted must, therefore, be regarded as very gratifying, and as showing that our branch officials (who now constitute a small army) are inspired by the enthusiasm and energy which animate and emanate from the head office, and to all those excellent representatives of the society I know you would wish me to intimate your cordial appreciation and thanks, as well as to the local directors, who give us the benefit of their help and influence in London, Dublin, Glasgow and Manchester. That the quality of the new business continues to be well up to the quantity is shown in various ways. In the first place, the large amount of business, £907,440, which was thrown out as not being up to the Norwich Union standard, shows the care which was exercised in the selection of lives, and in that department, as you are aware, we now have additional help in the election of Dr. Barton to the Board—an accession to our medical strength which was peculiarly welcome, as the number of proposals requiring careful scrutiny now exceeds 150 a week and sometimes reaches 200. A further evidence of quality lies in the results of the yearly mortality investigations, which have for a long time past continuously recorded an experience much more favourable than the expectation. As you have just heard, the latest of these investigations shows that during 1906 the claims were less than the amount expected according to the tables by no less than £18,633. The third and equally important test of the quality of the business lies in its cost, and it is gratifying to know that for many years the society has been

conspicuous not only for the large amount of business completed yearly, but equally for its striking economy. Your late president (Mr. Blofeld) used to take delight in drawing your attention to the recognised standard of economy, viz., 30 per cent. of new premiums and 7½ per cent. of renewals, and in showing how much below that standard we had been able to reduce our outlay. Although fractionally higher than in 1905 I am glad to tell you that our expenditure for last year only reached 48 7/8 of new premiums and 4 5/8 of renewals, so that we are well maintaining our reputation for economical administration. (Applause). In 1905 the figures were 48 4/8 of new premiums and 4 8/8 of renewals. You will have noticed that the income last year considerably exceeded a million and a quarter, and as the total expenditure of every kind was only £611,000 we were able to add no less than £673,000—or more than half the year's income—to the funds, bringing these up to over six and three-quarter millions, or, with the Scottish Imperial Fund, just under 7½ millions; and I think you will readily agree that the fact of our being able to maintain a net return of over 4½ per cent., after deduction of income tax, is evidence that the investment department has received very great care and attention. The Chairman announced at our meeting last year that we had just completed an agreement for the absorption of the Scottish Imperial Office, although the necessary Act of Parliament did not receive Royal Assent till a few weeks later. You will find along with the present report a print of the revenue account and balance-sheet of the Scottish Imperial Fund for the six months since the amalgamation. Under the terms of the agreement this fund will be kept for the present separate from our own, and worked on a basis mutually satisfactory to both offices. The only other point in the report I need refer to is the election of directors, and in doing so I can only repeat the regret expressed in the report at the very sad death of our colleague, Mr. W. H. Hackblock. His place was filled by the election of Dr. Barton, whose medical services I have already alluded to, and we now ask you to confirm that election; also the re-election of Mr. J. J. Dawson Paul, whose seat at the Board was vacated by absence. As you are no doubt aware Mr. Paul, with a good deal of reluctance, gave up his many important local interests and duties for what he regarded as a still more important foreign tour, from which we hope to welcome him back very shortly. In conclusion, I would very specially draw your attention to the appeal we have ventured to make in the report for your cordial assistance to the directors and officials in their effort to make this our hundredth year of existence one to be long remembered by its exceptionally good results. You have only to put yourselves in communication with our general manager to learn in what way you can best help us, and I feel sure you will attend our next annual meeting with greater pleasure, and listen to the splendid figures we hope to be able to put before you with greater satisfaction, if you are conscious of having personally contributed to the result. (Applause.)

Sir Peter Eade seconded the motion, and it was carried.

Mr. C. A. Bathurst Bignold moved that the outgoing directors, Mr. T. C. Blofeld, Mr. J. J. Winter, and Major F. A. Cubitt, be re-elected. He said it had been his privilege to be acquainted with these three gentlemen from his earliest years, and with two of them he had been very closely connected for a long time from the fact that they were directors of the sister institution, the Fire Office. He therefore knew well from the very great ability they brought to bear on the affairs of the Fire Office that they must be a valuable acquisition on the board of the Life Office or of any other company. He would like to congratulate the President on the fact that in his first year of holding that high position he had such a splendid record of progress to submit. He must congratulate, too, Mr. Deuchar.

Mr. C. E. Noverre seconded the motion, and added his tribute to the ability of the three directors. He was pleased to see that the accounts again showed the progress that had marked the transactions of that society for twenty-one years.

The motion was carried.

Mr. T. C. Blofeld responded, and said that from the stress of ill-health he had felt obliged to relinquish the position of President, but he was still fully competent to fulfil the duties of an ordinary director. Mr. Winter had been on the board seventeen years, Major Cubitt fourteen years, and he (Mr. Blofeld) twenty-one years.

The President moved the Dr. Barton's re-election of Mr. J. J. Dawson Paul and the election of Dr. S. Barton. Mr. Paul's re-election, he said, was necessitated by his prolonged absence from England, and Dr. Barton was placed on the Board because of the enormous increase in the work of the medical directors.

Mr. Blofeld seconded the motion, and it was carried.

Dr. Barton, in responding, said his heart and soul were in the work, and by the kindness and courtesy of his colleagues he had already had his eyes opened to the magnitude of it. The work was most interesting, but it demanded a considerable expenditure of time and brain. The directors had to dance to the tune of a piper in whose vocabulary the word rest was not to be found, and one week last month they had to consider in detail as many as 227 life policies.

The auditors, Mr. J. B. Aldis and Mr. Adam T. Young, of the firm of Turquand, Youngs & Co., were re-elected on the motion of the President, seconded by Mr. G. M. Chamberlin.

Mr. Aldis, in acknowledging his re-election, said that was the 38th time he had been appointed auditor. When he was first appointed there were only nine clerks under the management of the late Sir Samuel Bignold. The increase in the business had been remarkable. It was an honour and a pleasure to be connected with the office, and the auditors received the greatest kindness and assistance from all the staff.

Mr. Leathes Prior moved a vote of thanks to the directors, and said the policy holders owed a deep debt of gratitude to those gentlemen.

Mr. Preston seconded the motion, and expressed his pleasure at seeing Mr. Blofeld back again.

The motion was carried.

The President, in responding, said all the directors did their best to carry on the work of the Society successfully. Of course everything depended upon the manager and his able assistants.

Sir Peter Eade moved a vote of thanks to the general manager and staffs at the head office and the branch offices. He said they had a most valuable manager, and all knew the great services rendered by every member of the staff. They had a large staff of officials and agents scattered throughout the United Kingdom and in several foreign countries, all of whom contributed to the happy results the directors had been able to report that day. They had a magnificent staff, from the manager downwards.

Major Cubitt seconded the motion, and said he was perfectly astounded at the amount of business that was added to the society's work year by year. It was almost incomprehensible how their manager effected this. Mr. Deuchar was, apparently, gifted by the gods with the power of carrying on his work without slumbering, and was able to impart his energy and ceaseless activity to the members of the staff in all parts of the world. The thanks of all were due to the staff for the unflagging energy they displayed, and for the way they carried out their multifarious and very severe duties. (Applause.)

The motion was carried.

Mr. J. J. W. Deuchar said that was the twenty-first annual meeting at which he had had to respond to a similar vote of thanks, although on the first occasion the thanks were really due to his predecessor, for he only joined the office in April, 1887. But on twenty successive occasions he had had the pleasure and the pride of finding the work of himself and his extremely able staff appreciated in a most kindly manner. The staff felt grateful to the directors and members for the very handsome and convenient offices that had been provided for them, and they recognised that the conditions under which they did their work could not be improved upon. There was no doubt the work increased every year, and it was with some difficulty that they got through the labours of the week, but all did their utmost, and the result showed that they worked with success. (Hear, hear.)

A vote of thanks was passed to the President on the motion of Mr. Back, seconded by Mr. Forrester.

The President, in responding, made further reference to the work of Mr. Deuchar and the other officials and the staff.

This concluded the proceedings.

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